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## Book Lovers' Verse



# BOOK LOVERS' VERSE

*Being Songs of Books and Bookmen Compiled  
from English and American Authors*

By HOWARD S. RUDDY

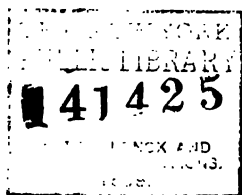


*Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me  
With volumes that I prize above my Dukedom  
The Tempest*

INDIANAPOLIS  
THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO.

1899

1899



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TO  
MR. SAMUEL D. LEE



## Introduction

WHILE the love of books has been expressed with some degree of generality by the bookmen of mediæval and of modern times, in learned treatise and in pleasing meter, when one undertakes an inquiry into the subject, the poverty of available material seems out of proportion to the inspiration which the subject might have been expected to possess. Perhaps it should not be assumed that the poets are not book-lovers themselves, or that, being book-lovers, they are unable to gratify a taste for the possession of books because they are poets; but rather that their muse the more readily responds to the seductions of a pair of blue eyes, or a tress of golden hair, or even the fleeting glimpse of an arched instep, inspirations that are illusive and transitory when measured against the steadfastness of good books,

“ . . . the best of friends,  
That can not be estranged or take offense  
Howe'er neglected, but return at will  
With the old friendship.”

Be that as it may, careful research discloses only the apparent indifference in



## Introduction

which some of the bards of first estate have held their libraries; for it is a safe conclusion that the true bibliophile would not withhold his meed of praise from these representatives of the great intellects of all ages.

It is not possible, perhaps, to ascertain just when the poets began to sing the praises of books, but the verses of Alcuin in the latter part of the eighth century are evidence of that blossoming of love for the wisdom of the sages, then so difficult of gratification; a love which grew upon what it fed, until in this day it finds expression in the yearnings, so plaintively expressed, of the lamented bibliomaniac of Buena Park—

"Oh for a booke and a shady nooke  
Eyther in doore or out,  
With the greene leaves whispering overhead,  
Or the streete cryes all about;  
Where I maie reade all at my ease  
Both of the newe and old,  
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke  
Is better to me than golde!"

The editor takes the sweet unction to his soul that his collection of the songs of book-land is more extensive than any that has yet been presented, but if it is in any way lacking it may not be laid to his indifference; but rather to that frugality which

## Introduction

sometimes seizes humanity for no apparent reason. Yet he has to acknowledge, and does so with a proper feeling of gratitude, the kindness of many publishers and authors who have so readily given permission for the use of their verses, and if by chance any have been overlooked it will not have been due to a disregard of the rights of property, but to the impossibility of identifying verses which have been caught in their rounds of the press. To these apologies are hereby tendered.

H. S. R.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## Publishers' Note

To ALL authors and publishers, whose work is included in this volume, we are indebted for their generosity.

We should feel remiss, however, if we did not especially acknowledge our gratitude to Houghton, Mifflin & Company, The Century Company, The Bookman, The Philistine, P. F. Collier, D. Appleton & Company, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, Mr. Frank L. Stanton, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, Mr. Charles R. Williams, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, President John H. Finley, Mr. Clinton Scollard, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, not only for their courtesy in contributing material to the book, but also for their many kindly suggestions during its preparation and their evident sympathy with the editor's purpose—to compile from many sources a volume of verse that will be a joy to the book-lover and the bibliomaniac.



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## THE SOLACE OF BOOKS

WHAT matter though my room be  
    small,  
    Though this red lamplight looks  
On nothing but a papered wall  
    And some few rows of books?

For in my hand I hold a key  
    That opens golden doors;  
At whose resistless sesame  
    A tide of sunlight pours,

In from the basking lawns that lie  
    Beyond the bound'ry wall;  
Where summer broods eternally,  
    Where the cicadas call.

There all the landscape softer is,  
    There greener tendrils twine,  
The bowers are roofed with clematis,  
    With briony and vine.

There pears and golden apples hang,  
    There falls the honey-dew,  
And there the birds that morning sang,  
    When all the world was new.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Beneath the oaks Menalcas woos  
Arachnia's nut-brown eyes;  
And still the laughing Faun pursues,  
And still the wood-nymph flies.

And you may hear young Orpheus there  
Come singing through the wood,  
Or catch the gleam of golden hair  
In Dian's solitude.

So when the world is all awry,  
When life is out of chime,  
I take this key of gold and fly  
To that serener clime;

To those fair sunlit lawns that lie  
Beyond the bound'ry wall,  
Where summer broods eternally  
And youth is over all.

THE SPECTATOR.

## Burton's Anatomy

### BURTON'S ANATOMY

A QUAIN old store of learning lies  
In Burton's pleasant pages,  
With long quotations that comprise  
The wisdom of the ages.  
'Tis strange to read him 'mid the crowd  
And modern hurly-burly;  
The only author Johnson vowed  
Could make him get up early.

He lived a solitary life,  
He said "Mihi et musis,"  
And put his rest from worldly strife  
To very pleasant uses.  
He wrote the book wherein we find  
"All joys to this are folly,"  
And naught to the reflective mind  
"So sweet as melancholy."

How strangely he dissects his theme  
In manner anatomic;  
He's earnest at one time, you deem,  
Now decorously comic.  
And most prodigiously he quotes,  
With learning quite gigantic,  
Or telling classic anecdotes,  
Is pleasantly pedantic.

## Book Lovers' Verse

There's sterling sense in every page,  
And shrewdest cogitation ;  
Your keen attention he'll engage,  
And honest admiration.  
If any man should vow to live  
With but one book, be certain  
To him could friendly fortune give  
No better book than Burton.

He lies at rest in Christ's Church aisle,  
With all his erudition ;  
The hieroglyphics make one smile,  
That show his superstition.  
His epitaph survives to-day,  
As one "Cui vitam dedit  
Et mortem Melancholia,"  
So he himself has said it.

ANDREW LANG. .

## Ballade of Poor Book-Worms

### BALLADE OF POOR BOOK-WORMS

THE book-stall on the corner bleak,  
    Its grinning keeper knows us well;  
As we pass by we never speak,  
    But often linger for a spell.  
    We ken the kernel by the shell,  
And oft our slender purse is led  
    Its grudging silver down to tell:  
Books we must have though we lack bread!

Great stores we pass with glance oblique—  
    Our coins their coffers seldom swell;  
We wend to second-hand shop meek;  
    We heed not dust, nor dirt, nor smell,  
    The creaking door a cracked old bell  
Sets jangling, and the hinge is red  
    With rust, but bargains here they sell:  
Books we must have though we lack bread!

We haunt book auctions week by week;  
    Sweet music to our ears is yell  
Of "Going, going," and the shriek  
    Of "Gone!"—since unto us it fell,  
    "Lot 3." One cast us down to hell  
With Dante, one to heaven sped  
    Our souls—his namesake's Damozel:  
Books we must have though we lack bread!



## Book Lovers' Verse

### ENVOY

Love, when our plenishing we'd seek,  
We bought the bookcase ere the bed;  
And this is still the purse's leak:  
Books we must have though we lack  
bread!

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

### A GOOD BOOK

THAT book is good  
Which puts me in a working mood.  
Unless to Thought is added Will,  
Apollo is an imbecile.  
What parts, what gems, what colors  
shine,—  
Ah, but I miss the grand design.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

# My Books

## MY BOOKS

**S**ADLY as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer  
wield,  
The sword two-handed and the shining  
shield  
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,  
While secret longings for the lost delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears but half con-  
cealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other days;  
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant  
ways  
In which I walked, now clouded and con-  
fused.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### THE OLD BOOKS

THE old books, the old books, the books  
of long ago!  
Who ever felt Miss Austen tame, or called  
Sir Walter slow?  
We did not care the worst to bare of human  
sty or den;  
We liked to love a little bit and trust our  
fellow-men.  
The old books, the old books, as pure as  
summer breeze!  
We read them under garden boughs, by fire-  
light on our knees,  
They did not teach, they did not preach, or  
scold us into good;  
A noble spirit from them breathed, the rest  
was understood.  
O happy dusk, when lamps were lit, around  
a mother's chair,  
To listen as she read, and breathe the rich,  
enchanted air;  
Of banner bright and stainless knight, of  
eerie elfin page,  
With all that glamour of delight, that won-  
drous Middle Age.

## The Old Books

Then was there no forbidden tree with long-  
ing vainly eyed ;  
No hiding books with lock and key to child-  
ish ears denied ;  
The library was open field where all might  
come and go ;  
The Serpent had not yet revealed his herit-  
age of woe.

The new books, the new books, the great  
neurotic school !  
That never let the Furies sleep, the fervid  
passions cool.  
Be real ! they cry, and lust and strife thick  
crowd the horrid stage ;  
And every loathsome ill of life is "copy" to  
their page.  
The new books, the new books, the other  
nobler kind !  
Straight from the heart they come and  
speak, and round the heart they wind.  
Marcella in her lovelier mood, a Stevenson,  
a Thrums,  
A Kipling great in camp and wood, a Be-  
sant in the slums !  
Not theirs to hint that all is dark, the sun  
has fled the day,  
Not theirs to stamp the autumn leaf more  
deeply in the clay !

## Book Lovers' Verse

In every life they find a strain of good as  
yet untold;  
In simple hearts a noble vein of unsuspected  
gold;  
They hold the mirror to our times, they  
paint in motley dyes  
The image of our wants and crimes; they  
bid us sympathize.  
And not in vain: so rich the art, so rare the  
painter's skill,  
They wake in every sleeping heart the old  
knight-errant still.

But the old books, the old books, the mother  
loves them best;  
They leave no bitter taste behind to haunt  
the youthful breast:  
They bid us hope, they bid us fill our hearts  
with visions fair;  
They do not paralyze the will with problems  
of despair.  
And as they lift from sloth and sense to fol-  
low loftier pains,  
And stir the blood of indolence to bubble in  
the veins:  
Inheritors of mighty things, who own a lin-  
eage high,  
We feel within us budding wings that long  
to reach the sky:

## The Old Books

To rise above the commonplace, and through  
the cloud to soar,  
And join the loftier company of grander  
souls of yore.  
Then as she reads each magic scene, the  
firelight burning low,  
How flush the cheeks! how quick, how  
keen, the heart-beats come and go!  
The mother's voice is soft and sweet, the  
mother's look is kind,  
But she has tones that cause to beat all pas-  
sions of the mind;  
And Alice weeps, and Jack inspired rides  
forth a hero bold;  
So master passions, early fired, burn on  
when life is cold.

THE SPECTATOR.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### FELLOW-FEELING

**N**OT a man of world-wide haunts;  
I've never seen a foreign land;  
The wondrous things the guidebook flaunts  
I only know at second hand.  
And yet I swear, from east to west,  
The points where all directions meet,  
The thoroughfare I love the best,  
Is Tom De Quincey's Oxford Street.

Request me not to name its trend;  
Invite me not, I pray, to name  
Its place of starting or its end—  
On this my information's lame.  
No friend of mine has ever dwelt  
Beside its lines; yet I repeat  
For years and years and years I've felt  
An ardent love for Oxford Street.

A warmth of love from pity born,  
Begotten of the book which told  
How, heartsick, famishing and worn,  
De Quincey in the days of old  
Staggered along in grim despair  
And battled bravely with defeat  
Beneath the ruddy, cheery glare  
Of lamps that burned in Oxford Street.

## Fellow-Feeling

Not for the dreams the poppy gave,  
Not for the story of the price  
The truth-recording brilliant slave  
Paid for the pleasures of his vice—  
Not for the magic of his lines,  
With wit and charm and grace replete,  
Is it that my esteem inclines  
To Tom De Quincey's Oxford Street.

Ah, no. My warmest feelings woke  
Upon that day when first I read  
Of how, superlatively broke,  
Drum-empty and without a red,  
A stranger in a stranger town,  
Having forgotten how to eat,  
The scholar wandered up and down  
Unsympathetic Oxford Street.

It roused my sympathy, I say,  
Because, it chanced, one time I struck,  
Within a town not far away,  
Just such a wretched run of luck,  
When, friendless in the passing throng,  
Without a kindly word to greet  
My misery, I drilled along—  
Well, let us call it Oxford Street.

I know, I had that in my heart  
That marked the scholar's deep distress.  
I know his woe—it's every part  
I know, I do not have to guess.



## Book Lovers' Verse

The words he wrote bind him to me  
In brotherhood firm and complete,  
And in my mind together we  
Have often walked down Oxford Street.

And so I let the others laud  
The "Eater's" witchery and art;  
I only give a silent nod,  
But deep, deep down within my heart,  
Unceasing blessings I invoke  
And peaceful rest, profound, complete,  
To him who walked when he was broke  
Beneath the lamps of Oxford Street.  
THE CHICAGO RECORD.

# My Books

## MY BOOKS

THEY dwell in the odor of camphor,  
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,  
They are "warranted early editions,"  
These worshipful tomes of mine ;—

In their creamiest "Oxford vellum,"  
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"  
With their delicate watered linings,  
They are jewels of price, I grant ;—

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,  
They have Bedford's daintiest dress,  
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,  
But they gather the dust, no less ;—

For the row that I prize is yonder,  
Away on the unglazed shelves,  
The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,  
The dear and the dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheep-skin blistered,  
And Howell the worse for wear,  
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,  
And the little old cropped Molière,—

And the Burton I bought for a florin,  
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd—  
For the others I never have opened,  
But those are the books I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOK-WORM

I READ, O friend, no pages of old lore,  
Which I loved well, and yet the flying  
days,  
That softly passed as wind through green  
spring ways  
And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore,  
Though in clear Plato's stream I look no  
more,  
Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,  
Nor with bold Dante wander in amaze,  
Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.  
I read a book to which old books are new,  
And new books old. A living book is  
mine—  
In age, three years: in it I read no lies—  
In it to myriad truths I find the clew—  
A tender, little child: but I divine  
Thoughts high as Dante's in its clear  
blue eyes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

## A Ballade of Montaigne

### A BALLADE OF MONTAIGNE

I SIT before the firelight's glow,  
With peace between the world and me,  
And con good Master Florio  
With pipe a-light; and as I see  
Queen Bess herself with book a-knee  
Reading it o'er and o'er again,  
Here, 'neath my cozy mantel-tree,  
I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

Now howls the wind and drives the snow;  
The traveler shivers on the lea;  
While, with my precious folio,  
Behold a happy devotee  
To book and warmth and reverie!  
The blast upon the window-pane  
Disturbs me not, as, trouble-free,  
I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

I am content, and thus I know  
A mind as calm as summer sea,—  
A heart that stranger is to woe.  
To happiness I hold the key  
In this rare, sweet philosophy;  
And while the Fates so fair, ordain,  
Well pleased with Destiny's decree,  
I smoke my pipe and read Montaigne.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### ENVOY

Prince! aye, King be your degree,  
Thou monarch of immortal reign!  
Always thy subject I would be,  
And smoke my pipe and read Montaigne!  
ARTHUR MACY.

### THE BOOK

THERE is no frigate like a book  
To take us leagues away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!  
EMILY DICKINSON.

# Companions

## COMPANIONS

"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions, men, women and books."  
—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

WE have companions, comrade mine;  
Jolly good fellows, tried and true,  
Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,  
And pledging each other, as I do you.  
Never a man in all the land  
But has, in his hour of need, a friend,  
Who stretches to him a helping hand,  
And stands by him to the bitter end.  
If not before, there is comfort then,  
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,  
Is the love of woman, the life of life,  
Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,  
Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;  
A heart contented to feel, not know,  
That finds in the other its sole delight;  
White hands that are loth to let us go,  
The tenderness that is more than might!  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
Is there anything better than woman's love?

## Book Lovers' Verse

I do not say so, companion mine,  
For what, without it, would I be here?  
It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,  
And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!  
But books, old friends that are always new,  
Of all good things that we know are best;  
They never forsake us, as others do,  
And never disturb our inward rest.  
Here is truth in a world of lies,  
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,  
That are dust, though dear in our joy and  
pain,  
Are the books their cunning hands have  
penned,  
For they depart, but the books remain;  
Through these they speak to us what was  
best  
In the loving heart and the noble mind;  
All their royal souls possessed  
Belongs for ever to all mankind!  
When others fail him, the wise man looks  
To the sure companionship of books.  
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

# The Bibliophile

## THE BIBLIOPHILE

**T**HE lover may rave of his ruddy-cheeked  
lass,  
The sailor may sing of the sea :  
And toppers may tell of the charms of the  
glass,  
But books have more beauty for me.

A book is a treasure more precious than  
gold ;  
An heirloom bequeathed to mankind ;  
A casket of wisdom in which we behold  
The kingliest gems of the mind.

Though humble my lot, yet dull care I defy,  
With books for my gentle allies ;  
And folly and vice from my presence will  
fly  
When I think of the good and the wise.

My books shall supply me with balm for each  
blow,  
When fortune my best effort spurns ;  
With Swift I will laugh at the high and the  
low,  
And mourn o'er a "mousie" with Burns.



## Book Lovers' Verse

While sitting at ease by my own fireside,  
A famous old book on my knee,  
A lover alone with his beautiful bride  
Would win little envy from me.

My heart feels at peace as through Book-  
world I roam,  
The fair realms of fancy are mine,  
And Love's holy spirit now rests on my  
home—  
My Book is the Volume Divine.

ALFRED C. BRANT.

# My Books

## MY BOOKS

ON my study shelves they stand,  
Well known all to eye and hand,  
Bound in gorgeous cloth of gold,  
In morocco rich and old.  
Some in paper, plain and cheap,  
Some in muslin, calf, and sheep;  
Volumes great and volumes small,  
Ranged along my study wall;  
But their contents are past finding  
By their size or by their binding.

There is one with gold agleam,  
Like the Sangreal in a dream,  
Back and boards in every part  
Triumph of the binder's art;  
Costing more, 'tis well believed,  
Than the author e'er received.  
But its contents? Idle tales,  
Flappings of a shallop's sails!  
In the treasury of learning  
Scarcely worth a penny's turning.

Here's a tome in paper plain,  
Soiled and torn and marred with stain,  
Cowering from each statelier book  
In the darkest, dustiest nook.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Take it down, and lo! each page  
Breathes the wisdom of a sage:  
Weighed a thousand times in gold,  
Half its worth would not be told,  
For all truth of ancient story  
Crowns each line with deathless glory.

On my study shelves they stand;  
But my study walls expand,  
As thought's pinions are unfurled,  
Till they compass all the world.  
Endless files go marching by,  
Men of lowly rank and high,  
Some in broadcloth, gem-adorned,  
Some in homespun, fortune-scorned;  
But God's scales that all are weighed in  
Heed not what each man's arrayed in!

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

## Give Me the Old

### GIVE ME THE OLD

**O**LD books to read!—

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,  
Time-honored tomes!  
The same my sire scanned before,  
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,  
The same his sire from college bore,  
The well-earned meed  
Of Oxford's domes;  
Old Homer blind,  
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;  
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!  
And Gervase Markham's venerie,—  
Nor leave behind  
The Holye Book by which we live and  
die.

ROBERT HINCHLEY MESSENGER.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### A VOLUME OF DANTE

I LIE unread, alone. None heedeth me.  
Day after day the cobwebs are unswept  
From my dim covers. I have lain and  
slept  
In dust and darkness for a century.  
An old forgotten volume I. You see!  
Such mighty words within my heart are  
kept  
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept  
In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping  
head,  
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,  
And touched my leaves with dreamy  
finger-tips,  
Lifted me up half absently, and read;  
Then kissed the page with sudden, ten-  
der lips,  
And sighed, and murmured one beloved  
name.

CAROLINE WILDER FELLOWS.

## Marcus Varro

### MARCUS VARRO

MARCUS VARRO went up and down  
The places where old books were sold;  
He ransacked all the shops in town  
For pictures new and pictures old.  
He gave the folk of earth no peace;  
Snooping around by day and night,  
He plied the trade in Rome and Greece  
Of an insatiate Grangerite.

"Pictures!" was evermore his cry—  
"Pictures of old or recent date,"  
And pictures only would he buy  
Wherewith to "extra-illustrate."  
Full many a tome of ancient type  
And many a manuscript he took  
For nary purpose but to swipe  
Their pictures for some other book.

While Marcus Varro plied his fad  
There was not in the shops of Greece  
A book or pamphlet to be had  
That was not minus frontispiece.  
Nor did he hesitate to ply  
His baleful practices at home;  
It was not possible to buy  
A perfect book in all of Rome!

## Book Lovers' Verse

What must the other folk have done—  
Who, glancing o'er the books they  
bought,  
Came soon and suddenly upon  
The vandalism Varro wrought!  
How must their cheeks have flamed with  
red—  
How did their hearts with choler beat!  
We can imagine what they said—  
We can imagine, not repeat!

Where are the books that Varro made—  
The pride of dilettante Rome—  
With divers portraitures inlaid  
Swiped from so many another tome?  
The worms devoured them long ago—  
O wretched worms! ye should have fed  
Not on the books "extended" so  
But on old Varro's flesh, instead!

Alas, that Marcus Varro lives  
And is a potent factor yet!  
Alas, that still his practice gives  
Good men occasion for regret!  
To yonder bookstall, pri'thee, go,  
And by the "missing" prints and plates  
And frontispieces you shall know  
He lives, and "extra-illustrates!"

EUGENE FIELD.

"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

## At a Bookstore

### AT A BOOKSTORE

[Anno Domini, 1972.]

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before  
A low-price dealer's open door;  
Therein arrayed in broken rows  
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,  
The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays  
Whose low estate this line betrays  
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)  
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS ONE  
DIME!

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake  
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;  
Three starveling volumes bound in one,  
Its covers warping in the sun.  
Methinks it hath a musty smell,  
I like its flavor none too well,  
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,  
Though Hamlet pah! 'd, and dropped his  
skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows  
dark,—  
Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!  
The shop affords a safe retreat,  
A chair extends its welcome seat,



## Book Lovers' Verse

The tradesman has a civil look  
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),  
The clouds portend a sudden shower,—  
I'll read my purchase for an hour.  
. . . . .

What have I rescued from the shelf?  
A Boswell, writing out himself!  
For though he changes dress and name,  
The man beneath is still the same,  
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,  
One actor in a dozen parts,  
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,  
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;  
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,  
His rogues the selfsame parent own;  
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!  
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
The salt sea wave its source betrays;  
Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;  
His table does not ape the stage;  
What matter if the figures seen  
Are only shadows on a screen,  
He finds in them his lurking thought,  
And on their lips the words he sought,  
Like one who sits before the keys  
And plays a tune himself to please.

## At a Bookstore

And ~~was~~ he noted in his day?  
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?  
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast  
To find a peaceful shore at last,  
Once glorying in thy gilded name  
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,  
Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,  
The first for many a long, long year!

For be it more or less of art  
That veils the lowliest human heart  
Where passion throbs, where friendship  
    glows,  
Where pity's tender tribute flows,  
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,  
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,  
For me the altar is divine,  
Its flame, its ashes,—all are mine!

And thou, my brother, as I look  
And see thee pictured in thy book,  
Thy years on every page confessed  
In shadows lengthening from the west,  
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought  
Some freshly opening flower of thought,  
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,  
I start to find myself in thee!

. . . . .

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn  
In leather jerkin stained and torn,

## Book Lovers' Verse

Whose talk has filled my idle hour  
And made me half forget the shower,  
I'll do at least as much for you,  
Your coat I'll patch, your gilt renew,  
Read you—perhaps—some other time.  
Not bad, my bargain! Price one dime!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## A Book-Lover's Apologia

### A BOOK-LOVER'S APOLOGIA

**T**EMPTATION lurks in every leaf  
Of printed page or cover,  
Whene'er I haunt the bookshops old,  
Their treasures rare discover;  
Or when, in choicest catalogues,  
Among which I'm a rover,  
My heart leaps up their names to see—  
For am I not their lover?

I linger o'er each dainty page,  
With loving touch and tender,  
But find their sweet, seductive charms  
Soon call me to surrender.  
Brave fight, 'twixt heart and my lean  
purse,  
My loved books' strong defender!  
More precious for the valiant strife  
That love is called to render.

But when in Bibliopolis  
Their dear forms 'round me cluster,  
While rank on rank and file on file,  
In gathering numbers muster,  
Think you, I mind the sordid tongues  
That soulless talk and bluster,  
Or weigh, against their priceless worth,  
The golden dollar's luster?

## Book Lovers' Verse

Ah, no! since there are drink and food  
For which the soul has longings,  
And in its daily, upward strife,  
Finds both in such belongings;  
Dear books! Loved friends, full meet  
ye are  
To greet the earliest dawns  
Of all the happiest days in life,  
Of all its brightest mornings!  
HARRIETTE C. S. BUCKHAM.

## The Land of Story Books

### THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

**A**T evening, when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow 'round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are the starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in fire-lit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

## Book Lovers' Verse

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"A Child's Garden of Verses."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

# The Bookworm

## THE BOOKWORM

WE flung the close-kept casement wide ;  
The myriad atom-play  
Streamed, with the mid-day's glancing  
tide,

Across him as he lay ;  
Only the unused summer gust  
Moved the thin hair of Dryasdust

The notes he writ were barely dry ;  
The entering breeze's breath  
Fluttered the fruitless casuistry,  
Checked at the leaf where Death—  
The final commentator—thrust  
His cold "Here endeth Dryasdust."

O fool and blind ! The leaf that grew,  
The opening bud, the trees,  
The face of men, he nowise knew,  
Or careless turned from these  
To delve, in folios' rust and must,  
The tomb he lived in, dry as dust.

He left, for mute Salmasius,  
The lore a child may teach,—  
For saws of dead Libanius,  
The sound of uttered speech ;  
No voice had pierced the sheep-skin crust  
That bound the heart of Dryasdust.



## Book Lovers' Verse

And so, with none to close his eyes,  
And none to mourn him dead,  
He in his dumb book-Babel lies  
With gray dust garmented.  
Let be: pass on. It is but just—  
These were thy gods, O Dryasdust!

Dig we his grave where no birds greet,—  
He loved no song of birds;  
Lay we his bones where no men meet,—  
He loved no spoken words;  
He let his human-nature rust—  
Write his *Hic Jacet* in the Dust.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## From "Idylls and Epigrams"

### FROM "IDYLLS AND EPIGRAMS"

O UR master, Meleager, he who framed  
The first Anthology and daintiest,  
Mated each minstrel with a flower, and  
named

For each the blossom that beseeemed him  
best.

'Twas then as now; garlands were somewhat  
rare,

Candidates many: one in a doleful strain  
Lamented thus: "This is a sad affair;  
How shall I face my publisher again?  
Lacking some emblem suitable for me,  
My book's undone; I shall not sell a  
copy."

"Take courage, son," quoth Phœbus, "there  
must be

Somewhere or other certainly a poppy."

RICHARD GARNETT.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### BOCCACCIO

“ONE day upon a topmost shelf  
I found a precious prize, indeed,  
Which father used to read, himself,  
But did not want us boys to read;  
A brown old book of certain age  
(As type and binding seemed to show),  
While on the spotted title-page  
Appeared the name ‘Boccaccio.’

“I’d never heard that name before,  
But in due season it became  
To him who fondly brooded o’er  
Those pages a beloved name!  
Adown the centuries I walked  
Mid pastoral scenes and royal show;  
With seigneurs and their dames I talked—  
The crony of Boccaccio.

“Those courtly knights and sprightly  
maids,  
Who really seemed disposed to shine  
In gallantries and escapades,  
Anon became great friends of mine.  
Yet was there sentiment with fun,  
And oftentimes my tears would flow  
At some quaint tale of valor done,  
As told by my Boccaccio.

## Boccaccio

"In boyish dreams I saw again  
Bucolic belles and dames of court.  
The princely youths and monkish men  
Arrayed for sacrifice or sport;  
Again I heard the nightingale  
Sing as she sung those years ago  
In his embowered Italian vale  
To my revered Boccaccio.

"And still I love that brown old book  
I found upon the topmost shelf—  
I love it so I let none look  
Upon the treasure but myself!  
And yet I have a strapping boy  
Who (I have every cause to know)  
Would to its full extent enjoy  
The friendship of Boccaccio!

"But boys are, oh! so different now  
From what they were when I was one!  
I fear my boy would not know how  
To take that old raconteur's fun!  
In your companionship, O friend,  
I think it wise alone to go  
Plucking the gracious fruits that bend  
Where e'er you lead, Boccaccio.

"So rest you there upon the shelf,  
Clad in your garb of faded brown;  
Perhaps, some time, my boy himself  
Shall find you out and take you down.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Then may he feel the joy once more  
That thrilled me, filled me years ago  
When reverently I brooded o'er  
The glories of Boccaccio!"

EUGENE FIELD.

"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

### A NEGLECTED POET IN A LIBRARY

I WANDER on, I hunt through every  
stall—

I find it not on low or high shelf,  
The book I prize the most of all;  
"Which one?" Why, the one I wrote my-  
self.

"It may be out." Ah, happy thought!  
There was a copy, I remind me,  
Somehow missed—none was ever bought—  
But one's enough for fame to find me.

ADAM QUINCE.

## Annetta Jones—Her Book

### ANNETTA JONES—HER BOOK

A RARE old print of Shakespeare—his  
works, in boards of brown,  
With quaint engravings; here and there the  
yellowed leaves turned down  
Where sweet, love-breathing Juliet speaks,  
and as I lean and look,  
Traced in pale, faded ink, these words:  
“Annetta Jones: Her Book.”

Now, this old print of Shakespeare I prize,  
because 'tis rare—  
The gem of all my library, in dust and glory  
there;  
I marvel much at Hamlet's ghost, and Ban-  
quo's pictured bones,  
But who—ye gods of ancient days, was this  
“Annetta Jones”?

I think I've heard that name before,—  
Jones?—Jones?—but that “Annetta,”  
With odd embroidery around the first and  
final letter,  
Is sweet and quaint . . . She was no  
saint, prim—grim! for I discover  
By these sublime, marked sentences, An-  
netta had a lover!

## Book Lovers' Verse

And I believe her eyes were blue—her lips  
as cherries red,  
And many a shy, sweet kiss they knew, and  
tender words they said;  
And from her powdered brows gold hair  
fell cloud-like—soft and sweet,  
Down-streaming, gleaming, dreaming in her  
silver-slippered feet!

She lived—she loved—was wedded; the ro-  
mance of her life  
Perchance was toned a trifle when her lover  
called her “wife;”  
But what a glorious fate is hers! for as I  
lean and look  
Her name still shines with Shakespeare’s:  
“Annetta Jones: Her Book.”

FRANK L. STANTON.

## A Legend of the Strand

### A LEGEND OF THE STRAND

'TIS said an author who had starved to  
death  
Went walking, some years after he had lost  
his breath,  
In spirit up Fleet Street, then down the  
Strand,  
And found himself before a bookman's  
stand.  
"What's this?" he mused, as in his hand  
A book  
He took  
"Dear me, my verse!" he cried, and kissed  
the tome.  
"You killed me—cost me hearth and home  
To publish you I spent  
My every cent.  
No man would buy,  
And I  
Was soon a shadow of my former self.  
Whilst you lay snugly on my dusty shelf.  
Heigho!" he sighed,  
"Thou wert my pride,  
And ruin." Quoth the book: "Not so!  
You died too soon to really know.  
I have become  
A rarity, and worth a wondrous sum.



## Book Lovers' Verse

And through me now  
You wear the laurel on your brow!"  
E'en as the volume spake  
A mortal came, the little book did take,  
And as the spirit watched him from the  
    shade,  
Some twenty pounds for it he paid.  
"Egad!" the author cried, as back he sped  
To Hades. "I have on my head  
Enough of hay entwined to feed a horse!  
I'm proud of it—oh yes, I am, of course—  
But what a shame to decorate  
An author's pate  
And leave his stomach to disintegrate!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## In the Library

### IN THE LIBRARY

THE room was given to firegleams and to  
night,  
And as I mused, lo! where the books had  
been  
Were souls of books, alive, and on my sight  
Dawned growing day, in midst whereof  
was seen,  
With sad stern face, eyes pitying, vesture  
white,  
The Lord of Souls, who, dying, won Life's  
fight.  
Then all the book-souls bowed before the  
bright  
Surrounding glory of the Lord of Light.  
Then, one by one, He touched them on the  
side,  
And some to scented ashes sank and died;  
Some gave the semblance of a human  
heart,  
Some like a working hand of help did show,  
Some changed to lamps tipped with a stead-  
fast glow,  
One only of its Lord was counterpart.  
H. V. S. HERBERT.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### TO CALIPH OMAR

OMAR, who burned (if thou didst burn)  
The Alexandrian tomes,  
I would erect to thee an urn  
Beneath Sophia's domes.

Would that thy exemplary torch  
Might bravely blaze again,  
And many manufactories scorch  
Of book-inditing men!

Especially I'd have thee choke  
Law libraries in sheep,  
With fire derived from ancient Coke,  
And sink in ashes deep.

Destroy the sheep—don't save my own—  
I weary to the cram,  
The misplaced diligence I've shown—  
But kindly spare my Lamb.

And spare, oh, spare this suppliant book  
Against a time of need;  
Hide it away in humble nook  
To serve for legal seed.

The man who writes but hundred pages  
Where thousands went before,  
Deserves the thanks of weary sages,  
And Omar should adore.

IRVING BROWNE.

## These Books of Mine

### THESE BOOKS OF MINE

**M**Y garden aboundeth in pleasant nooks  
And fragrance is over it all;  
For sweet is the smell of my old, old books  
In their places against the wall.

Here is a folio that's grim with age  
And yellow and green with mold;  
There's the breath of the sea on every page  
And the hint of a stanch ship's hold.

And here is a treasure from France la belle  
Exhaleth a faint perfume  
Of wedded lily and asphodel  
In a garden of song abloom.

And this wee little book of Puritan mien  
And rude, conspicuous print  
Hath the Yankee flavor of wintergreen,  
Or, may be, of peppermint.

In Walton the brooks a-babbling tell  
Where the cheery daisy grows,  
And where in meadow or woodland dwell  
The buttercup and the rose.

But best beloved of books, I ween,  
Are those which one perceives  
Are hallowed by ashes dropped between  
The yellow, well-thumbed leaves.

## Book Lovers' Verse

For it's here a laugh and it's there a tear,  
Till the treasured book is read;  
And the ashes betwixt the pages here  
Tell us of one long dead.

But the gracious presence reappears  
As we read the book again,  
And the fragrance of precious, distant years  
Filleth the hearts of men.

Come, pluck with me in my garden nooks  
The posies that bloom for all;  
Oh, sweet is the smell of my old, old books  
In their places against the wall!

EUGENE FIELD.

"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

# The Truth About Horace

## THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE

**I**T is very aggravating  
To hear the solemn prating  
Of the fossils who are stating  
That old Horace was a prude;  
When we know that with the ladies  
He was always raising Hades,  
And with many an escapade his  
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a  
Large number of his carmina,  
But these people find alarm in a  
Few records of his acts;  
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,  
And to students sophomoric  
They'd present as metaphoric  
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;  
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!  
Why, Horace was a daisy  
That was very much alive!  
And the wisest of us know him  
As his Lydia verses show him—  
Go, read the virile poem—  
It is No. 25.

## Book Lovers' Verse

He was a very owl, sir,  
And starting out to prowl, sir,  
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,  
    Until he filled his date;  
With a massic-laden ditty  
And a classic maiden pretty  
He painted up the city,  
    And Mæcenas paid the freight.  
                                EUGENE FIELD.

"A Little Book of Western Verse."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

## THE BOOK-WORMS

THROUGH and through the inspired  
    leaves,  
    Ye maggots, make your windings;  
But, oh, respect his lordship's taste,  
    And spare the golden bindings!  
                                ROBERT BURNS.

# The Student

## THE STUDENT

**A** YOUTH was there, of quiet ways,  
A student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands were  
known  
And yet a lover of his own;  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude;  
A man of such a genial mood  
The heart of all things he embraced,  
And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.  
Books were his passion and delight,  
And in his upper room at home  
Stood many a rare and sumptuous  
tome,  
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,  
Great volumes garmented in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.  
He loved the twilight that surrounds  
The border-land of old romance;  
Where glitter hauberk, helm and  
lance,  
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,  
And mighty warriors sweep along,  
Magnified by the purple mist,  
The dusk of centuries and of song.



## Book Lovers' Verse

The chronicles of Charlemagne,  
Of Merlin and the Mort d' Arthure,  
Mingled together in his brain  
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,  
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,  
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,  
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LINES FER ISAAC BRADWELL, OF IN- DANOPLIS, IND., COUNTY- SEAT OF MARION

[Writ on the flyleaf of a volume of the author's  
poems that come in one of gittin' burnt up in the  
great Bowen-Merrill's fire of March 17, 1890.]

THROUGH fire and flood this book  
has passed.—  
Fer what?—I hardly dare to ast—  
Less'n it's still to pamper me  
With extry food fer vanity;—  
Fer, sence it 's fell in hands as true  
As *yourn* is—and a *Hooster* too,—  
I'm prouder of the book, I jing!  
Than 'fore they tried to burn the thing!  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## In a Library

### IN A LIBRARY

THE fading firelight glimmers on the  
shelves,  
The gilded titles dance like tricky elves,  
I gaze on quartos dull, and "dumpy  
twelves."—

I am alone.

The silence holds a faint and grewsome  
dread,

A sense of spirits hovering o'er my head.

I really think it's time to go to bed!

Was that a moan?

Speaks Shakespeare's bust: "And dost thou  
read my book?"

He gazes on me with a fearful look.

My face grows pale; both patent-leathers  
shook

As I reply:

"Immortal Bard, I've done my level best.

Your plays are fine. But it must be con-  
fessed,

That for the Sonnets I have found no zest,  
And moments fly."

Then sad-mouthed Milton must thrust in an  
oar:

"List, pallid creature, I've a question more.

Art thou of those dull clods who find a bore  
'Our Mother Eve?'"

## Book Lovers' Verse

I tried to smile. What could a fellow do?  
(Suppose the question had been put to you?)  
I gently said: "I've read a Book or two,  
I do believe."

But Homer spoke (I wished that he would  
nod),  
And like some teacher grim with upraised  
rod,  
Who o'er a shrinking urchin rides rough-  
shod,  
Asked, "What of me?"  
"To tell the truth," my trembling lips ex-  
claim,  
"I yield to none in reverence to thy name,  
But as for Greek, I am not in the game,  
And so you see—"

As thus I stammered, lo, another voice  
broke in,  
And eke Dan Chaucer did at me begin:  
"The Canterbury Tales?" Said I, with grin,  
"Whanne that Aprille—"  
"Alas!" quoth Chaucer, "that I wrote that  
line,  
Naught else remains of all those poems of  
mine.  
What dost thou read," he asked, "what au-  
thors shine,  
What scribblers silly?"



## In a Library

"I read—the papers," spoke I, soft and low,  
"The magazines; a modern tale or so,  
For really you old chaps are—dull, you  
know.

There, now I've said it!  
I take for granted you great bards are  
such:  
You sell well—gad! you never brought so  
much!  
But as for wading through all your high  
Dutch

To say I've read it,

That's different, quite. And I would rather  
be  
A man who reads the papers. Now, that's  
me—  
A regular Philistine, as you see.

I hate all culture!"  
At once those busts came tumbling from on  
high,  
With him of Avon aiming at my eye—  
So ends my nightmare, and I wake in cry  
Like—say, a vulture.

TUDOR JENKS.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### TWO GREEKS

[Written in Miss Thomas' "A Winter Swallow."]

**H**ERE is the shelf I oftenest seek,  
And here the book beloved of old,—  
The songs of him whose soul was Greek,  
Whose speech was English of pure gold.

No other book, it seemed to me,  
Could share the little shelf with Keats;  
For who, save him, had crossed the sea  
To steal from Attic bees their sweets?

But now another English tongue  
Has caught the trick of Grecian speech;  
Another hand has plucked and flung  
The golden apples within reach!

To-night the alcove's light burns low;  
Pan's piping notes ring blithe and clear,  
While, with Ægean's ebb and flow,  
Antigone's brave voice I hear.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

## A Book-Lover's Panegyric

### A BOOK-LOVER'S PANEGYRIC

#### I

**L**ET old Petrarca sing of love,  
Its passion and its bliss,  
And in his sugared sonnets tell  
The rapture of a kiss!  
Let Bacchanalian votaries  
Exulting praise their wine—  
But in the midst of all this praise  
The praise of books be mine!

#### II

A health to books! come, Comrades all,  
And pledge me this full cup;  
Raise high the foaming goblets' brim  
And drain the liquor up!  
Come, quaff this nectarean bowl,  
The brim raised to your lips,  
So this enthusiastic health  
All others shall eclipse!

#### III

A health to books! a royal toast,  
And honored by a few,  
But as the march of time goes on  
The world shall drink it too!

## Book Lovers' Verse

Its men and women shall arise,  
And sing in zealous strain  
Their song of praise, and goblets raise  
To drink it o'er again!

### IV

So here's to books, to noble books,  
Our pleasure and our boast;  
Arise, ye denizens of earth,  
To honor this fair toast!  
Then here's to books, immortal books  
Light of our nights and days,—  
Stand up, O Universe, and chant  
A pæan in their praise!

### V

And, once again, a health to books,  
Your goblets all refill;  
When all things mortal are decayed  
May books be with us still!  
Then quaff a toast to glorious books  
In cups of ruby wine,  
And while the world extols things base  
The praise of books be mine!

CYRIL M. DREW.

## Bookman's Catch

### BOOKMAN'S CATCH

THE Bookman he's a humming-bird—  
His feasts are honey-fine,—  
    (With hi! hilloo!  
    And clover-dew  
    And roses lush and rare!)  
His roses are the phrase and word  
Of olden tomes divine;  
    (With hi! and ho!  
    And pinks ablow  
    And posies everywhere!)  
The Bookman he's a humming-bird,—  
He steals from song to song—  
He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme,  
And takes his heart along  
And sacks all sweets of bursting verse  
And ballads, throng on throng.  
    (With ho! and hey!  
    And brook and brae,  
And brinks of shade and shine!)

A humming-bird the Bookman is—  
Though cumbrous, gray and grim,—  
    (With hi! hilloo!  
    And honey-dew  
    And odors musty-rare!)  
He bends him o'er that page of his  
As o'er the rose's rim.



## Book Lovers' Verse

(With hi! and ho!  
And pinks aglow  
And roses everywhere!)  
Ay, he's the featest humming-bird,—  
On airiest of wings  
He poises pendent o'er the poem  
That blossoms as it sings—  
God friend him as he dips his beak  
In such delicious things!  
(With ho! and hey!  
And world away  
And only dreams for him!)

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

### TRIOLET TO HER HUSBAND

[Rendered into English by Andrew Lang.]

BOOKS rule thy mind, so let it be!  
Thy heart is mine, and mine alone.  
What more can I require of thee?  
Books rule thy mind, so let it be!  
Contented when thy bliss I see,  
I wish a world of books thine own.  
Books rule thy mind, so let it be!  
Thy heart is mine, and mine alone.

F. FERTIAULT.

## Old Books Are Best

### OLD BOOKS ARE BEST

To J. H. P.

OLD books are best! With what delight  
Does "Faithorne fecit" greet our sight  
On frontispiece or title-page  
Of that old time, when on the stage  
"Sweet Nell" set "Rowley's" heart alight!

And you, O Friend, to whom I write,  
Must not deny, e'en though you might,  
Through fear of modern pirate's rage,  
Old books are best.

What though the prints be not so bright,  
The paper dark, the binding slight?  
Our author, be he dull or sage,  
Returning from that distant age  
So lives again, we say of right:  
Old books are best.

BEVERLY CHEW.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### SONNET 77

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties  
wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will  
bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou  
taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory can not contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou  
shalt find  
Those children nursed, delivered from thy  
brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy  
book.

SHAKESPEARE.

## The Scholar and His Books

### THE SCHOLAR AND HIS BOOKS

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,  
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.  
Al so lene was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat, I undertake;  
But Lokede holwe, and therto soburly,  
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,  
For he hadde nought geten him yit a benefice,  
Ne was not worthy to haven an office.  
For him was lever have at his beddes heed  
Twenty bookes, cloth'd in bleak and reed,  
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie,  
Then robus riche, or fithul, or sawtrie.  
But al though he were a philosophre,  
Yet hadde he but litul gold in cofre;  
But al that he might of his frendes hente,  
On bookes and his lernyng he it spente,  
And busily gan for the soules pray  
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scolay.  
And studie took he most cure and heede.  
Not oo word spak he more than was  
neede;  
Al that he spak it was of heye prudence,  
And schort and quyk, & ful of gret sentence.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Sownynge in moral manere was his  
speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly  
teche.

CHAUCER: "THE PROLOGUE."

### HOW TO READ ME.

TO turn my volumes o'er nor find  
(Sweet unsuspecting friend!)  
Some vestige of an erring mind  
To chide or discommend,  
Believe that all were lov'd like you  
With love from blame exempt,  
Believe that all my griefs were true  
And all my joys but dreamt.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## Book Brotherhood

### BOOK BROTHERHOOD

**H**ERE are my companions sleeping  
Tranquilly in each closed book,  
Till a spirit in me leaping  
From its bondage dares to look.

Here are those who felt deep heart-throes  
In the morning of the earth,  
All untutored, as the wind blows,  
Giving human song its birth;  
Diverse men in diverse races  
Hearing, answering some faint call,  
Finding links and losing traces  
Where Oblivion drops its pall;  
From chaotic dreams evolving  
Thought once breathed on speaking  
stone,  
Whose far-echoes now are solving  
Problems in Thought's later zone;  
Disputants of soul and matter—  
God the Force, or Force the God—  
As the autumn winds that scatter  
Dry leaves on a dewy sod;  
So departing, coming ever  
With a new-inspired endeavor,  
Here as brothers rest together.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Books that keep alive the ages  
On my shelves abide in peace,  
Truth enshrined within their pages  
Waiting for a full release;  
Not alone in one tome dwelling,  
But in all, perchance, a gleam  
In the dark, some dark dispelling  
Of humanity's strange dream.  
Old true friends in welcome places  
Greet me in each varying mood,  
And new friends with fresh young faces  
Woo with keen solicitude;  
Ancient discords merging slowly  
Into one harmonious whole,  
Time absorbing high or lowly  
In the majesty of soul.

Mighty dead, but mightier living  
Spirit of the brain and pen,  
Founts of Thought for ever giving  
Impetus to yearning men,  
So departing, coming ever  
With a new-inspired endeavor,  
Here as brothers rest together.

EDWARD FOSKETT.

## In a Library

### IN A LIBRARY

A PRECIOUS moldering pleasure 'tis  
To meet an antique book,  
In just the dress his century wore;  
A privilege, I think,

His venerable hand to take,  
And warming in our own,  
A passage back, or two, to make  
To times when he was young.

His quaint opinions to inspect,  
His knowledge to unfold  
On what concerns our mutual mind,  
The literature of old:

What interested scholars most,  
What competitions ran  
When Plato was a certainty  
And Sophocles a man,

When Sappho was a living girl,  
And Beatrice wore  
The gown that Dante deified.  
Facts, centuries before,



## Book Lovers' Verse

He traverses familiar,  
As one should come to town  
And tell you all your dreams were true :  
He lived where dreams were sown.

His presence is enchantment,  
You beg him not to go ;  
His volumes shake their vellum heads  
And tantalize, just so.

EMILY DICKINSON.

## My Books

### MY BOOKS

**T**HESE are my books—a Burton old,  
A Lamb, arrayed against the cold;  
In polished dress of red and blue,  
A rare old Elzevir or two,  
And Johnson, clothed in green and gold.

A Pope, in gilded calf, I sold  
To buy a Sterne, of worth untold,  
To cry, as bibliomaniacs do,  
“These are my books!”

What though a Fate unkind hath doled  
But favors few to me, yet bold  
My little wealth abroad I strew  
To purchase acquisitions new,  
And say, by love of them controlled,  
“These are my books!”

NATHAN M. LEVY.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### MY BOOKS

MY books, my books, my kingdom mine!  
I have no need for love to pine;  
I have no mistress but my books,  
They never give me frowning looks,  
Nor mock my heart when hopes decline.  
But women change sans cause or sign,  
And so I court the Muses Nine  
In my poor den, or shady nooks,  
My books, my books.

I love to see them line on line,  
In shabby coat or superfine.  
They are such friends—from bards to  
cooks,  
And speak with joy of babbling brooks,  
With peaceful woods that ever shine.  
Fill me up with Lethean wine,  
My books, my books!  
S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

## The Books I Ought to Read

### THE BOOKS I OUGHT TO READ

ON dusty shelves in serried rows they  
stand,  
Reproachful thousands, quaint and grave  
and great;  
My guilty conscience feels their mute com-  
mand,  
Yet day by day—they wait.

More formidable grow their ranks each year,  
Their very names I can not call to mind;  
A friend amid this chaos would, I fear,  
Be very hard to find.

But to a corner shelf, by most forgot,  
I steal, and give reproach no further  
heed

'Mid boon companions all—yet these are not  
The books I ought to read.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### OF MY BOOKS

**A**ROUND the narrow circuit of the room  
Breast-high the books I love range file  
on file;

And when, day-weary, I would rest awhile,  
As once again slow falls the gathering  
gloom

Upon the world, I love to pass my hand  
Along their serried ranks, and silent stand  
In breathless heark'ning to their silent  
speech.

With rev'rent hand I touch the back of each  
Of these my books. How much of their dear  
selves—

The hand that held the pen, the brain that  
wrought

The subtle fancies on these pages caught—  
Have men immortal left upon my shelves!

And then sometimes a sudden chill doth  
strike

My heart with very horror, and I shrink  
Away from their dull touch, shudd'ring to  
think

How much of human life that, vampire-like,

## Of My Books

These books have sucked beneath their  
leathern wings,  
How brains have broken and frail bodies  
bent  
To feed with human blood these bloodless  
things.

In this thin book of poesy is pent  
A beautiful young life;—imperial Rome  
Holds what was mortal of it. Then I see,  
All withered at the top, a noble tree  
Here in the scathing scorn of this dark tome.  
By this long line of books that mutely stands  
A master-mind was wrecked, so that in  
years

He sat a poor old man in doting tears,  
Because his dogs in pity licked his hands.

But then again there comes a rushing  
thought,

And to my *living* books my arms I raise  
In loving fellowship of life and breath,  
And, like poor Southey when his brain was  
naught

Save a pale glimmering light of other days,  
I touch them tenderly. My spirit saith:  
“Who gave their lives for these can know  
no death.

## Book Lovers' Verse

For I have walked with them in mortal guise  
Through woodland ways and swarming  
city streets;  
Yea, have I met the gaze of Shelley's eyes,  
And in 'Hyperion' kissed the lips of  
Keats."

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

## Personal Talk

### PERSONAL TALK

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go  
We may find pleasure: wilderness  
and wood,  
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
mood  
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.  
Dreams, books, are each a world; and  
books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and  
good:  
'Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh  
and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There find I personal themes, a plenteous  
store,  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear;  
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white  
Lamb.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



## Book Lovers' Verse

### "IO GROLIERII ET AMI-CORUM"

**I**F borrowed books but home returned  
again!

Or did they from their wandering escape  
In pristine grace, with no deflow'ring stain,  
No dog's-eared leaf, no binding all agape!  
Against my wish my action thus I shape:  
Like all true hearts, to share my treasures  
fain,  
I'd gladly lend—but parting's sad sweet  
pain.

Ah, Grolier! Would thy motto I might ape!

No faint half-heart, no grudging spirit thine:  
No boastful vaunt, to further private ends,  
The never-dying, gold-emblazoned line  
That tells the world thy books were for thy  
friends.

But yet, methinks, to cynic eyes it looks  
As though thy friends out-numbered thy  
books.

HALKETT LORD.

## The Poems Here at Home

### THE POEMS HERE AT HOME

THE Poems here at Home!—Who'll write  
them down,

Jes as they air—in country and in Town?—  
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and  
lanes

Er these-ere little hop-toads when it rains!—  
Who'll "voice" 'em? as I heerd a feller say  
'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day,  
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,  
She wasn't bigger'n a bumblebee!

Who'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I,  
'At's got a stiddy hand enough to try  
To do 'em jestice 'thout a-foolin' some,  
And headin' facts off when they want to  
come?—

Who's got the lovin' eye, and heart, and  
brain

To recko'nize 'at nothin' 's made in vain—  
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds  
And brutes first choice, and us-folks after-  
wards?

What *We* want, as I sense it, in the line  
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—  
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,  
And old creek-bottoms, snags, and sycamores:

## Book Lovers' Verse

Putt weeds in—pizen-vines, and underbresh,  
As well as Johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh  
And sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls,—yes,  
and "We,"  
As sayin' is,—“We, Us and Company!”

Putt in old Nature's sermons,—them's the  
best,—  
And 'casionly hang up a hornets' nest  
'At boys 'at's run away from school can git  
At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it!  
Let us be wrought on, of a truth to feel  
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,  
In ministratin' to our vain delights—  
Fergittin' even insec's has their rights!

No “Ladies' Amaranth,” ner “Treasury”  
book—  
Ner “Night Thoughts,” nuther—ner no  
“Lally Rook”’!’

We want some poetry 'at's to Our taste,  
Made out 'o truck 'at's jes a-goin' to waste  
'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too  
Outrageous common—'cept for me and you!—  
Which goes to argy, all sich poetry  
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on You and Me.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## In a Library

### IN A LIBRARY

**T**READ softly here, as ye would tread  
In presence of the honored dead,  
With reverent step and low-bowed head.

Speak low—as low as ye would speak  
Before some saint of grandeur meek,  
Whose favor ye would humbly seek.

Within these walls the very air  
Seems weighted with a fragrance rare,  
Like incense burned at ev'ning prayer.

Here may we sit and converse hold  
With those whose names in ages old  
Were in the book of fame enrolled.

Here under poet's power intense  
We leave this world of sordid sense,  
Where mortals strive with problems dense,

And mount to realms where fancy, free,  
Above our poor humanity,  
Roams in a joyous ecstasy.

Of if through history's maze we tread,  
The hero, patriot, long since dead,  
Whose great heart for his country bled,

## Book Lovers' Verse

Seems once again to work and fight,  
In superstition's darkest night,  
For God, his fellows, and the right.

Enough! mere words can never tell  
The influence of the grateful spell  
Which seems among these books to dwell.

ALICE SAWTELLE RANDALL.

# My Books

## MY BOOKS

**O**N level lines of woodwork stand  
My books obedient to my hand;  
And Cæsar pale against the wall  
Smiles sternly Roman over all.  
Within the four walls of this room  
Life finds its prison, youth its tomb:  
For here the minds of other men  
Prompt and deride the laboring pen;  
And here the wisdom of the wise  
Dances like motes before the eyes.  
Outside, the great world spins its way,  
Here studious night dogs studious day.  
A mighty store of dusty books,  
Little and great, fill all the nooks,  
And line the walls from roof to floor;  
And I who read them o'er and o'er,  
Am I much wiser than of old,  
When sunlight leaped like living gold  
Into my boyhood's heart, on fire  
With fervid hope and wild desire;  
And when behind no window bars,  
But free as air I served the stars?

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless  
sport,  
Shall live the name of Walton : Sage benign !  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverend watching of each still report  
That nature utters from her rural shrine.  
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford  
brook—  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree ;  
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from  
every nook  
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## A Ballade of Book-Making

### A BALLADE OF BOOK-MAKING

WHEN wise Koheleth long ago—  
    Though when and how the pundits  
    wrangle —

Complained of books, and how they grow  
    And twist poor mankind's brains a-tangle,  
He did not dream the fatal fangle  
    To such a pitch would e'er extend,  
And such a world of paper mangle—  
    Of making books there is no end.

The poets weep for last year's snow,  
    About the porch the schoolmen dangle,  
The owl-like eyes of science glow  
    O'er arc, hypotheruse, and angle;  
The playwrights mouth, the preachers jangle,  
    The critics challenge and defend,  
And Fiction turns the Muses' mangle—  
    Of making books there is no end.

Where'er we turn, where'er we go,  
    The books increase, the bookmen brangle:  
Our bookshelves groan with row on row  
    Of nonsense typed in neat quadrangle.  
Better to burn the lot and twangle  
    An honest banjo; better tend  
To ride and box and shoot and angle—  
    Of making books there is no end.



## Book Lovers' Verse

### ENVOY

Few books are worth a copper spangle:

Come forth, and choose, my dusty friend,  
The ranchman's rope, the nautch-girl's ban-  
gle—

Of making books there is no end.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY.

## To My Good Master

### TO MY GOOD MASTER

**I**N fancy, always, at thy desk, thrown wide,  
Thy most betreasured books ranged  
neighborly—

The rarest rhymes of every land and sea  
And curious tongue—thine old face glori-  
fied,—

Thou haltest thy glib quill, and, laughing-  
eyed,

Givest hale welcome even unto me,  
Profaning thus thine attic's sanctity,  
To briefly visit, yet to still abide  
Enthralled there of thy sorcery of wit  
And thy songs' most exceeding dear  
conceits.

O lips, cleft to the ripe core of all sweets,  
With poems, like nectar, issuing there-  
from,

Thy gentle utterances do overcome  
My listening heart and all the love of it!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### IN THE LIBRARY

**F**ROM the oriels one by one  
    Slowly fades the setting sun ;  
On the marge of afternoon  
Stands the new-born crescent moon ;  
In the twilight's crimson glow  
Dim the quiet alcoves grow.  
Drowsy-lidded Silence smiles  
On the long deserted aisles ;  
Out of every shadowy nook  
Spirit faces seem to look,  
Some with smiling eyes, and some  
With a sad entreaty dumb ;  
He who shepherded his sheep  
On the wild Sicilian steep,  
He above whose grave are set  
Sprays of Roman violet ;  
Poets, sages,—all who wrought  
In the crucible of thought.  
Day by day as seasons glide  
On the great eternal tide,  
Noiselessly they gather thus  
In the twilight beauteous,  
Hold communion each with each,  
Closer than our earthly speech,  
Till within the East are born  
Premonitions of the morn !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## A Ballade of Confession

### A BALLADE OF CONFESSION

THE dog-eared tomes of ancient sages  
Frown at me from the shelves up there,  
World famous, ay, for many ages,  
Braving the buffets of time and care ;  
Yet though they breathe Parnassian air,  
Go hand in hand with Muses nine,  
I pass them all, here's one more rare,—  
The little book that once was thine !

I know that Horace scowls and rages,  
That Homer writhes in vain despair,  
That I should seek those pasturages  
Where mawkish sentiments rave and tear.  
Methinks all Helicon doth stare,  
Forgets its hyssop steeped in wine,  
To think that I to read should dare  
The little book that once was thine !

'Tis only one of all the pages,  
The others, Horace, I will swear  
Know nought of me, my pilgrimages ;  
Your ire, dear Homer, please forbear !  
Yon frisky Cupid might declare  
The reason for this choice of mine,  
For, Betty dear, 'twas his affair,  
The little book that once was thine !

## Book Lovers' Verse

### L'ENVOY

You sent it with a lock of hair  
Pinned to the page's sweetest line;  
That makes it far beyond compare,  
The little book that once was thine!  
HAROLD McGRATH.

### WISER THAN BOOKS

MY Love than books is wiser far.  
I scanned the countless pages  
Where all the words of wisdom are—  
The proverbs of the sages;  
I fain had known what meant a kiss,  
What were component parts of bliss.  
But, though I conned them o'er and o'er,  
It was no plainer than before.  
At last I found my Love, and he  
Explained it clearly, all, to me.  
KATRINA TRASK.

## To the Book of Follies

### TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES

THIS tribute from a wretched elf,  
Who hails thee emblem of himself!  
The book of life, which I have traced,  
Has been, like thee, a motley waste  
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,  
One folly bringing hundreds more.  
Some have indeed been writ so neat,  
In characters so fair, so sweet,  
That those who judge not too severely  
Have said they loved such follies dearly!  
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;  
For these were penned by *female* hands;  
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—  
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,  
That prudence, with a withering look,  
Disdainful flings away the book.  
Like thine, its pages here and there  
Have oft been stained with blots of care;  
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,  
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,  
White as the snowings of that Heaven  
By which those hours of peace were given.  
But now no longer—such, oh! such  
The blast of Disappointment's touch!  
No longer now those hours appear;  
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:

## Book Lovers' Verse

Blank, blank is every page with care,  
Not e'en a folly brightens there.  
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!  
Then *shut the book*, O God, forever!  
THOMAS MOORE.

### AN UNCUT COPY

WHEN I was young I sent my friend  
copy of "My Verses,"  
And when he died he left his books to me  
dear to his heart.  
To-day I looked them over all, and find  
ten thousand curses!—  
My book is there, and no two leaves ha  
e'er been cut apart.  
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## The Book-Worm's Pledge

### THE BOOK-WORM'S PLEDGE

I PLEDGED my word this morning,  
As I started down the street,  
That not a single book I'd buy—  
For me a wondrous feat.

As I wandered past the windows  
Of the news-stands on the way,  
With scarce a wish to purchase,  
I my mandate could obey.

But temptation, ever ready  
To hold her victims fast,  
In the guise of an old book store,  
Filled with relics of the past,

Dawned upon my willing vision,  
And I thought she'll never mind  
If I glance within a moment  
And perhaps some treasure find.

Ah, behold how fortune teases,  
What a glorious prize is here!  
First edition, not a blemish,  
Rare old volume of Shakespeare.

Ah, I pledged my word this morning,  
And to keep it I will try,  
But the gods will frown upon me  
Should I let that chance pass by.



## Book Lovers' Verse

There on yonder shelf inviting  
Rests a missal old and quaint,  
Relic of the Gothic ages  
Scanned by some mediæval saint;

Missal with the blazoned pages,  
Triumph of the ancient art,  
With your worn old vellum covers,  
How you tempt my sinful heart!

Close beside it, dim and dusty,  
Bearing imprint of the years  
They have whirled along life's current,  
Stand two priceless Elzevirs.

I pledged my word this morning,  
But the keeping is too dear;  
I would be far more than mortal,  
Could I leave those volumes here.

Shades of bookmen who behold me,  
Oh, forgive my perjured self;  
You would leave your seat in glory  
For a peep at yonder shelf.

C. D. RAYMER.

## My Presentation Book-Case

### MY PRESENTATION BOOK-CASE

[With Apologies to Rossetti's Sonnet: "A Super-  
scription."]

**L**OOK on my shelves—the realm of Might-  
have-been:

And yet right glad am I they hold no  
knell,

Are undusk'd o'er with shadows of  
farewell—

But one and every book's alive with the  
sheen

Of Life and Art and what of each is seen.

Look on my shelves: lo, an enduring  
spell

To lure collectors' hopes intolerable:

Of loveliest thoughts and dreams the book-  
ish screen.

Mark me, what dust there is! But should  
there dart

Along these rows the Bookman's eager  
eyes

Lit with a first-edition-glow surmise—

Then shalt thou see me ope, and turn apart  
These frail glazed doors, and rend thy in-  
most heart

With many a rare unpurchasable prize.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### DREAMS

**M**Y library's not lined with treasures rare,  
With treasures rich, with treasures  
past compare.

No manuscripts it holds of Poe, or Scott,  
And many are the autographs I've not.  
In yonder alcove, over to the left,  
You'll find a spot of rarest tomes bereft;  
And there upon the walnut chiffonnier  
There stands no folio of Will Shakespeare.  
Now turn the key of that not-buhl-work  
chest,

And gaze into its depths; no rare prints  
rest

Therein—just try, I pray, to take one out:  
The truth of what I say 'twill prove past  
doubt.

Those Stevensons you fail to find up there  
Are, all of them, the rarest of the rare:  
And those editions of the Poets past  
Hold not a "first" among them—all are  
"last."

And that small color sketch upon the wall  
Is not a fine Cruikshank original.  
But, oh what joy is mine to dream of what

I haven't got!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## The Lay of the Grolierite

### THE LAY OF THE GROLIERITE

THE love of maids, the love of maids,  
    'Tis sunshine when they smile;  
But if they frown, how black the shades  
    Which shroud my heart the while.

The maids I love, the maids I love,  
    How pride doth hedge them in!  
They hold their favor far above  
    My humble wit to win.

The maids I love, the maids I love,  
    Whoe'er would win such prize  
Had need be harmless as the dove,  
    And, as the serpent, wise.

So not for me is love of maids,  
    Be they or kind or cold;  
The love of maids, 'tis not for me,  
    Though I be young or old.

The love of books, the love of books,  
    It passeth love of maids;  
It doth not fade with fading looks  
    Like love of them,—the jades!

The books I love, the books I love,  
    A gracious proffer make;  
They hold a hoard of joys, whereof  
    They bid me freely take.

## Book Lovers' Verse

The books I love, the books I love,  
They spread their welcome wide;  
Not I alone may take thereof,  
But all the world beside.

W. D. ELLWANGER.

### BOOKS

OR else I sat on in my chamber green,  
And liv'd my life, and thought my  
thoughts, and pray'd  
My prayers without the vicar; read my  
books,  
Without considering whether they were fit  
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no  
good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits . . . so much  
help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's pro-  
found,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of  
truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.  
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## My Library

### MY LIBRARY

**A**S one who pauses on a rock,  
The bastion of some sea nymph's home,  
And feels the ripples round him flock,  
Then cleaves the foam,

And glides through cool, pellucid ways  
Where creepers kiss each thrilling limb  
And hears, or thinks he hears, low lays  
Of cherubim,

And marvels at the wondrous scene,  
The ruins upon ruins hurled,  
The moving hosts, the darkling sheen,  
The awful world,

Then rises, snatching first some gem,  
Some token of his sojourn there,  
And flings a dewy diadem  
From face and hair,

And in the sunlight, with the sigh  
Of sea winds whistling in his ears,  
Views his found treasure till his eye  
Is dim with tears ;

So, where in lordly sweeping bays,  
In distant dark retiring nooks,  
Stretches before my eager gaze  
This sea of books.

## Book Lovers' Verse

I pause and draw one fervent breath,  
Then plunge and seem to pass away  
Into deep waters as still as death,  
Yet clear as day.

To move by bowlders of the past,  
By caves where falter dimly pure  
Gleams of the future, all the vast  
Of literature.

Then to return to life above,  
From regions where but few have trod,  
Bearing a gem of larger love  
To man and God.

## The Book I've Read Before

### THE BOOK I'VE READ BEFORE

I HEAR of many a "latest book ;"  
I note what zealous readers say ;  
Through columns critical I look,  
With their decisive "yea" and "nay !"  
At times I own I'm half inclined  
O'er some new masterpiece to pore ;  
Yet in the end I always find  
I choose the book I've read before !

Its well-known contents suit my taste,  
I know what it is all about ;  
And so I never am in haste  
To find "how it is coming out."  
But quietly I wend my way :  
O'er each familiar scene I pore—  
The bright, the dark, the grave, the gay—  
Of that old book I've read before.

Then worry not, my puzzled friend :  
I'm odd, I own ; and so while you  
Your way through countless volumes  
wend,  
Entranced with each, so "late" and  
"new,"  
Be not surprised that I, meanwhile,  
Avoiding new ones by the score,  
Full many a passing hour beguile  
With some old books I've read before !



## Book Lovers' Verse

And if, perchance, the hint you take  
To shun the new, and read the old;  
And find, surprised, the change you make  
Reveals new beauties, all untold:  
'Twill surely duplicate my joy  
While o'er the old I fondly pore,  
When you with me find sweet employ  
In some old book we've read before.

CHARLES R. BALLARD.

## In a Library

### IN A LIBRARY

**T**HIS place is wonderful; here old romance,  
Delicate phantasy and high emprise  
Quicken the pulses and make big the eyes  
Of Youth; and here strong manhood has  
the chance  
To parley with its peers; and maidenhood  
Is sweetly ripened for love's crowning good.

This is Imagination's room; and here  
Keen Science, with a crystal-piercing gaze,  
Wipes from the brain the mystifying haze  
That doth hold back a world; the atmosphere  
Is luminous with truth to God most dear.

Yea, 'tis a chosen chamber of the Lord,  
A place where mind and soul learn Freedom's way;  
Hence, meet it is, upon this Freedom's day,  
When all Americans in vast accord,  
With thunder of guns and pæan of bells  
proclaim  
Their country and her righteousness of  
fame,  
To open this fair hall and consecrate her  
name.

RICHARD BURTON.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### BOOKS

**T**HOUGH ne'er so humble should our station be,

We still may mingle with the great and wise;

Roam, unmolested, the vast treasures  
Where wisdom's priceless gems are scattered free.

We may, at will, explore sky, earth and sea;  
Man's heart and mind probe deep with  
Shakespeare's eyes;

With blind old Milton walk through paradise;  
Of life and death possess the master-key.

With books as guides, with prophet, poet,  
sage,

In sweet companionship we daily dwell;  
With kings sit nightly round the banquet  
board;

By learning's light knowledge's gracious  
page

Shall render unto us a precious hoard  
In an abundance inexhaustible.

ALFRED LAVINGTON.



## A Fable for Critics

### A FABLE FOR CRITICS

“MEANWHILE I have brought you a  
book,  
Into which if you'll just have the goodness  
to look,  
You may feel so delighted (when once you  
are through it)  
As to deem it not unworth your while to  
review it,  
And I think I can promise your thoughts,  
if you do,  
A place in the next Democratic Review.”

The most thankless of gods you must surely  
have thought me,  
For this is the forty-fourth copy you've  
brought me,  
I have given them away, or at least I have  
tried,  
But I've forty-two left, standing all side by  
side—  
(The man who accepted that one copy  
died),—  
From one end of a shelf to the other they  
reach,  
'With the author's respects' neatly written  
in each,

## Book-Lovers' Verse

The publisher, sure, will proclaim a Te  
Deum,  
When he hears of that order the British  
Museum  
Has sent for one set of what books were  
first printed  
In America, little or big,—for 'tis hinted  
That this is the first truly tangible hope he  
Has ever had raised for the sale of a copy.  
I've thought very often 'twould be a good  
thing  
In all public collections of books, if a wing  
Were set off by itself, like the seas from the  
dry lands,  
Marked Literature suited to desolate islands.  
And filled with such books as could never  
be read  
Save by readers of proofs, forced to do it  
for bread,—  
Such books as one's wrecked on in small  
country-taverns,  
Such as hermits might mortify over in cav-  
erns,  
Such as Satan, if printing had then been in-  
vented,  
As the climax of woe, would to Job have  
presented.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## To an Old Book

### TO AN OLD BOOK

OLD book forlorn, compiled of ancient  
thought,  
Now bought and sold, and once more sold  
and bought,  
At last left stranded, where in time I spied,  
Borne thither by an impecunious tide;  
Well thumbed, stain-marked, but new and  
dear to me,  
My purse and thy condition well agree.  
I saw thee, yearned, then took thee to my  
arms,  
For fellowship in misery has charms.  
How long, I know not, thou hadst lain un-  
scanned,  
Thy mellow leaves untouched by loving  
hand—  
For there thou wast beneath a dusty heap,  
Unknown. I raised thee, therefore let me  
reap  
A harvest from thy treasures. Thee I found—  
Yea, thee I'll cherish; though new friends  
abound,  
I'll still preserve thee as the years go round.

EDGAR GREENLEAF BRADFORD.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### WITH A COPY OF THE ILIAD

**B**AYARD, awaken not this music strong  
While round thy home the indolent  
sweet breeze

Floats lightly as the summer breath of seas  
O'er which Ulysses heard the Sirens' song!  
Dreams of low-lying isles to June belong,  
And Circe holds us in her haunts of ease;  
But later, when these high ancestral trees  
Are sere, and such Odyssean languors wrong  
The reddening strength of the autumnal  
year,

Yield to heroic words thine ear and eye;  
Intent on these broad pages thou shalt hear  
The trumpet's blare, the Argive battle-cry,  
And see Achilles hurl his hurtling spear,  
And mark the Trojan arrows make reply.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## Of the Book-Hunter

### OF THE BOOK-HUNTER

[N torrid heats of late July,  
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,  
He book-hunts while the loungers fly,  
He book-hunts, though December freeze;  
In breeches baggy at the knees,  
And heedless of the public jeers,  
For these, for these, he hoards his fees,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,  
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,  
There soiled romanticists may lie,  
Or Restoration comedies;  
Each tract that flutters in the breeze  
For him is charged with hopes and fears,  
In moldy novels, fancy sees  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,  
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,  
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,  
Whose motto evermore is *Spes!*  
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;  
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,  
In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.



## Book Lovers' Verse

### ENVOY

Prince, all the things that tease and please,—  
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and  
tears,  
What are they but such toys as these,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

ANDREW LANG.

### THE BOOK

**E**ACH life of man is but a page  
In God's great diary ; each age  
A separate volume and each race  
A chapter. For a little space  
We write, and, childlike, cry our powers,  
Nor deem His hand is guiding ours.

POST WHEELER.

## Lamb's Dramatic Poets

### ON LAMB'S SPECIMENS OF DRAMATIC POETS

#### I

[F all the flowers of all the fields on earth  
By wonder-working summer were made  
one,  
Its fragrance were not sweeter in the sun,  
Its treasure-house of leaves were not more  
worth  
Than those wherefrom thy light of musing  
mirth  
Shone, till each leaf whereon thy pens  
would run  
Breathed life, and all its breath were  
benison.  
Beloved beyond all names of English birth,  
More dear than mightier memories; gentlest  
name  
That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet  
fame,  
Or linked itself with loftiest names of old,  
By right and might of loving; I, that am  
Less than the least of these among thy fold,  
Give only thanks for them to thee, Charles  
Lamb.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### II

So many a year had borne its own bright  
bees

And slain them since thy honey-bees were  
hived,

John Day, in cells of flower-sweet verse,  
contrived

So well with craft of moldering melodies,  
Thy soul perchance in amaranth fields at  
ease

Thought not to hear the sound on earth  
revived

Of summer music from the spring derived  
When thy song sucked the flower of flower-  
ing trees.

But thine was not the chance of every day:  
Time, after many a darkling hour, grew  
sunny,

And light between the clouds ere sunset  
swam,

Laughing, and kissed their darkness all  
away,

When, touched and tasted and approved,  
thy honey

Took subtler sweetness from the lips of  
Lamb.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## Extra-Illustrating

### EXTRA-ILLUSTRATING

**A**MONG the books I have is one  
That teases, tantalizes, taunts me;  
Yea, like a demon or a dun,  
That solitary volume haunts me.

It glowers upon me from the shelf,  
And on my leisure time encroaches;  
Like some malignant little elf,  
It fills my mind with its reproaches.

Wherever I may turn my eyes,  
Upon that tome they seem to linger;  
I fancy that it moans and sighs,  
And points at me a scornful finger.

It seems to say :—"I spoke you fair;  
Yet how, oh ! how have you repaid me?  
You once esteemed me passing rare :  
And yet behold what you have made me !

"Despoiled, I can not hide my shame;  
'Twill be proclaimed to future ages,  
When some book-loving squire or dame  
Turns angrily my ravaged pages.

## Book Lovers' Verse

"That book of yours has vast increase  
Of plates and prints of your collating;  
Yet you must steal my frontispiece  
Because you're 'extra-illustrating.'"

It haunts me like relentless fate;  
Its jeers and sneers I can not smother—  
This book from which I tore a plate  
To "extra-illustrate" another.

HARRY B. SMITH.

## The Young Wife's Plaint

### THE YOUNG WIFE'S PLAINT

NAY, seems it not most wondrous queer  
That he should love to tarry here;  
Prefer this "den" to boudoir nest  
Where downy pillows coax to rest,  
*Chaise-longue* and Turkish cigarette?  
A stranger compound ne'er was met  
Than this same creature man, I ween.  
What's this dull calf to velvet sheen?  
Who dares assert that this pert minx  
On yellow page in dingy inks  
Is half so fair as I am, see!  
What woman would not angry be  
With man who turns from living charms  
To worship some dead beauty's arms?  
Why should he care of smiles to read  
When mine so sweet are his indeed?  
What's Maintenon or this L'Enclos  
Or Gwynn to him, I'd like to know?  
What stupid fad, what silly rage  
To *love* such trash of bygone age!  
Why, as I live, these letters mean  
Just fifteen hundred seventeen.  
Nay, 'tis a shame to buy such stuff  
When nice new books are cheap enough!  
Knew I how soon I'd be forgot  
I ne'er had wedded him, God wot.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Vile, musty books, in dead skins bound—  
Faugh, what an odor lingers round!  
'Tis shameful taste, indeed it is;  
But hear my vow, ye loves of his,  
In spite of all your dingy looks—  
Apologies for decent books—  
I'll win him back, ye mildewed crew,  
*I'll make him think I love you too!*

## Betty Barnes, the Book-Burner

### BETTY BARNES, THE BOOK-BURNER

WHERE is that baleful maid  
Who Shakespeare's quartos shred?  
Whose slow diurnal raid  
The flames with *Stephen* fed?  
Where is *Duke Humphry* sped?  
Where is the *Henries'* book?  
They are all vanishèd  
With Betty Barnes the Cook.

And now her ghost, dismayed,  
In woful ways doth tread—  
(Though once the grieving shade  
Sir Walter visited)—  
Where culprits sore bestead,  
In dank or fiery nook,  
Repent there deeds of dread  
With Betty Barnes the Cook.

There Bagford's evil trade  
Is duly punishèd;  
There fierce the flames have played  
Round Caliph Omar's head;  
The biblioclastic dead  
Have diverse pains to brook,  
'Mid rats and rainpools led  
With Betty Barnes the Cook.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Caxton! be comforted,  
For those who wronged thee—look;  
They break affliction's bread  
With Betty Barnes the Cook.  
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT-WATSON.

### MY LORD THE BOOK

A BOOK is an aristocrat;  
'Tis pampered—lives in state;  
Stands on a shelf, with naught whereat  
To worry—lovely fate!

Enjoys the best of company;  
And often—ay, 'tis so—  
Like much in aristocracy,  
Its title makes it go.  
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## Old and New

### OLD AND NEW

OLD friends are best, the poets sing.  
No others are so staunch and true.  
New friends in trouble will not cling  
As closely as the old friends do.

Old books are best without a doubt.  
Their charms can never fail to win.  
New books, however bright without,  
Have not their power to please within.

Old wines are best, as all aver,  
And often are their praises sung.  
They're rich and rare, have power to stir  
The pulses of both old and young.

Friends, wine and books have charms to  
please  
When age its ivy round them curls;  
But we've no use for such as these:  
Old jokes, old clothes, old ballet girls.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### OF READING

ONE drachma for a good book, and a  
thousand talents for a true friend:—  
So standeth the market where scarce is ever  
costly.  
Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common  
as shingles on the shore,  
A ripe apple would ransom kings before a  
shining store:  
And so, were a wholesome book as rare as  
an honest friend,  
To choose the book be mine; the friend let  
another take.  
For altered looks and jealousies and fears  
have none entrance there:  
The silent volume listeneth well, and speak-  
eth when thou listeth:  
It praiseth the good without envy, it chideth  
thine evil, without malice,  
It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine  
unbending teacher.  
Need to humor no caprice, need to bear  
with no infirmity;  
Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth  
not, quencheth not, its love;

## Of Reading

Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped  
not by error nor interest;  
For a good book is the best of friends, the  
same to-day and forever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and  
cautions,  
To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee  
how largely thou art blest,  
To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy  
famished mind,  
To graft another's wisdom on thee, prun-  
ing thine own folly;  
Choose discreetly, and well digest the vol-  
ume most suited to thy case,  
Touching not religion with levity, nor deep  
things when thou art wearied.  
Thy mind is freshened by morning air, grap-  
ple with science and philosophy;  
Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream  
for a while on fictions;  
Gray evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou  
then with worshipers;  
But reason shall dig deepest in the night,  
and fancy fly most free.  
O books, ye monuments of mind, concrete  
wisdom of the wisest;  
Sweet solaces of daily life; proofs and re-  
sults of immortality;

## Book Lovers' Verse

Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are  
for the healing of the nations.  
Groves of knowledge where all may eat, nor  
fear a flaming sword;  
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends,  
comforts, treasures;  
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues;  
who can weigh your worth?  
To walk no longer with the just; to be  
driven from the porch of science;  
To bid long adieu to those intimate ones,  
poets, philosophers, and teachers;  
To see no record of the sympathies which  
bind thee in communion with the good;  
To be thrust from the feet of Him, who  
spake as never man spake;  
To have no avenue to heaven but the dim  
aisle of superstition;  
To live as an Esquimau, in lethargy; to die  
as the Mohawk, in ignorance:  
O what were life, but a blank? What were  
death, but a terror?  
What were man, but a burden to himself?  
What were mind, but misery?  
Yea, let another Omar burn the full library  
of knowledge,  
And the broad world may perish in the  
flames, offered on the ashes of its wis-  
dom!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

# My Books

## MY BOOKS

### I

THE winter evening closes blank and stern,  
The flickering fire illumines with dancing  
light

My narrow chamber walls, and as the  
night

Draws on to morn, my lamp half down I  
turn.

Amid the shadows dimly I discern

My books, dumb comrades, gay and  
erudite,

From folios brown to pamphlets thin and  
white,

Well-nigh the only friends from whom I  
learn.

Full half of them would be by busy men

Rejected with a smile, but I—I move

Too seldom down the volumes that im-  
prove.

Give me the work of a forgotten pen,

Wild tales of Prester John or of the Cham,

Or emblem quaintnesses from Amsterdam.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### II

Oh, happy he who, weary of the sound  
Of throbbing life, can shut his study door,  
Like Heinsius, on it all, to find a store  
Of peace that otherwhere is never found!  
Such happiness is mine, when all around  
My dear dumb friends in groups of three  
or four

Command my soul to linger on the shore  
Of those fair realms where they reign monarchs crowned.

To-day the strivings of the world are nought,  
For I am in a land that glows with God,  
And I am in a path by angels trod.

Dost ask what book creates such heavenly  
thought?

Then know that I with Dante soar afar,  
Till earth shrinks slowly to a tiny star.

J. WILLIAMS.

## To Robert Herrick

### TO ROBERT HERRICK

JOCUND Herrick, tho' this age  
Leaves uncut thy merry page,  
Leaves thy song, thy robust jest  
For Quixotic modern quest;

Thinks that all poetic bliss  
Is summed in soul-analysis;  
Swinburne's strange, erratic flight,  
Weird desire and wild delight;

Pleasures in the paltry host—  
Starveling muse's eager ghost  
Dribbling song in purblind flow—  
Poesy has sunk so low.

I would see beside the rill  
Decked with lawn and daffodil  
Sweetly thro' the morning air—  
Corinna going to the fair!

I would hear the birds and bees  
Sung of in Hesperides;  
Would that I were with you there,  
Drunken with the dewy air.

And Julia, paragon of grace,  
I would look upon her face;  
Then might I inspiréd be,  
Fit to join thy company.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Ah! Herrick, softly on thy mound  
I would still bestrew the ground—  
Daffodil and rosemary  
Tokens for thy memory.

THE PHILISTINE.

## ALTRUISM

**W**HEN a book is packed with truth,  
Never leave it on the shelf;  
Pass it onward to your friends,  
Having mastered it yourself.

If you have a friend indeed,  
And you love him as a brother,  
Do not keep it to yourself,  
Tell it. He may bless another.

If you've heard a wise word spoken,  
To a friend that word impart;  
'Tis a seed-thought full of blessing,  
Plant it in another's heart.

The book you lend will quicken thought;  
The friend you praise another bless;  
The word you speak may save a soul;  
And all promote God's righteousness.

REV. WILLIAM WOOD.

## “Saints and Sinners’ Corner”

### THE OTHER “SAINTS AND SIN- NERS’ CORNER”

**B**EYOND the Dread River and hard by  
the Lake

That burneth with Brimstone and Fire,  
There standeth an Edifice built for the sake  
Of Mortals of bookish desire.

’Tis not in high Heaven, this Book-hunter’s  
haunt,

Nor lies it in Satan’s Domains,  
But midway between them—a moderate  
jaunt

By slow Purgatorial Trains.

There “Sinners” and “Saints” too, are  
wont to repair,

When stints for the morning are o’er,  
Their bibliognostical notes to compare  
And over their Treasures to pore.

Queer Bibliomaniac spirits are some;  
Some miserly Bibliotaphs;  
Some Bibliopoles with a golden thumb;  
Some near-sighted Bibliographs.

And here through the long Labyrinthian  
aisles,

That open on book-scented bowers,  
There wander, abstracted, these Bibliophiles  
As bees ’mid Hymettus’s flowers.

. . . . . 127 . . . . .

## Book Lovers' Verse

The "Saints" of these Bookmen one Sunday  
in Lent  
Their Souls to Church did betake  
To get them forgiveness for hours they had  
spent  
With "Sinners"—down by the Lake.

The "Sinners," the meanwhile, with many  
a sigh  
Sad penance were practicing, too;—  
Each telling, for beads, the Books he would  
buy  
Had he only shilling or sou.

When, suddenly, startling both "Sinner"  
and "Saint,"  
'Twixt Wail and Chant of the Choir,  
There came a terrestrial cry far and faint  
Of "Fire, Fire, McClurg's is on fire."

. . . . .

Then straightway there entered, with flut-  
tering leaves,  
The Souls of incinerate Books,  
That long had reposed 'neath McClurgian  
eaves,  
In sacred Millardian nooks.

## “Saints and Sinners’ Corner”

As Birds of the Forest they found their way  
Home,  
(Where Book-worms destroy not, nor  
Rust),  
Each volume the Phoenix of some precious  
Tome  
Consumed into ashes and dust.

Among them were Elzevirs, queens of their  
kind,  
Of delicate beauty and grace,  
And Aldines and Pick’rings, and, trailing  
behind,  
The Kelmscotts of fair Saxon face.

Rich Zehnsdorf apparel some Souls did en-  
fold;  
And some were in Sanderson dress,  
Of th’ Orient redolent, ’broidered in gold,  
And fresh from the Binder’s caress.

For none were admitted to lie on the  
shelves,  
O’erguarded by Gutenberg’s care,  
Except the Elect, the Immortals them-  
selves,—  
None save “First Editions” and “rare.”  
. . . . .

## Book Lovers' Verse

The "Saints" quick forgot their confessions  
in mirth;

The "Sinners" their Rosaries spurned;  
Such joy was in Limbo as when upon  
Earth

Millard from his journeys returned.

They feasted their eyes on their treasures  
new-found,

Not knowing which ones they loved most;  
They sang bookish songs of hilarious sound,  
And Field danced with Dibdin's glad  
ghost.

Then, tiring, they nestled themselves in the  
Nooks,

As "Sinners" and "Saints" did of old,  
And thumbed o'er again the delectable  
Books

Which, haply, Millard had not sold.

. . . . .

Mourn not o'er their Ashes in hopelessness,  
then,

Oh sorrowful Bibliophile,  
In yonder far Corner we'll fondle again  
These Books which we've lost for the  
while.

JOHANNES HUSTONIUS FINLEIUS.

## A Disappointed Faddist

### A DISAPPOINTED FADDIST

**F**IRSTWHILE it was worth while to seek  
for books that others lack  
And pay great sums for them, as should a  
bibliomaniac,  
But it has come to pass, alas! to my extreme  
amaze,  
That posters about books are now a more  
expensive craze.

I am rejoiced I do not own that priceless  
Tamerlane,  
For I should feel obliged to go and sell the  
thing again,  
In order to raise funds to buy some posters  
for my son,  
Who's bit with liking for these daubs that  
all who read must run!

He's brought some cheap ones home, and  
they hang o'er my precious books,  
While I pursue my saddened way with  
anguish in my looks;  
I hoped my boy would early learn my biblio-  
philish knack;  
But, worse luck! he turns out to be a poster-  
maniac!

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### THE BOOK BATTALION

WHEREVER I go, there's a trusty bat-  
talion  
That follows me faithfully, steady and  
true;  
Their force, when I falter, I safely may rally  
on,  
Knowing their stoutness will carry me  
through;  
Some fifteen hundred in order impartial,  
So ranged that they tell what they mean  
by their looks.  
Of all the armies the world can marshal  
There are no better soldiers than the well-  
tried books.  
Dumb in their ranks on the shelves impris-  
oned,  
They never retreat. Give the word, and  
they'll fire!  
A few with scarlet and gold are bedizened,  
But many muster in rough attire;  
And some, with service and scars grown  
wizened,  
Seem hardly the mates for their fellows in  
youth;  
Yet they, and the troops armed only with  
quiz and  
Light laughter, all battle alike for the  
truth.

## The Book Battalion

Here are those who gave motive to sock and  
to buskin ;

With critics, historians, poets galore ;  
A cheaply uniformed set of Ruskin,  
Which Ruskin would hate from his heart's  
very core ;

Molière ('99), an old calf-bound edition,  
"De Pierre Didot l'aîné! et de Firmin Didot,"  
Which, meek and demure, with a sort of  
contrition,

Is masking its gun-lights, with fun all  
aglow ;  
And Smollett and Fielding, as veterans battered—

Cloth stripped from their backs, and their  
sides out of joint,  
The pictures of life all naked and tattered  
Being thus applied to themselves with a  
point ;

And six or eight books that I wrote myself,  
To look at which, even, I'm half afraid ;  
They brought me more labor and pleasure  
than pelf,

And are clamoring still because they're  
not paid.

But these raw levies remain still faithful,  
Because they know that volumes old  
Stand by me, although their eyes, dim and  
wraithful,

Remind me they seldom at profit were sold.



## Book Lovers' Verse

So I say, be they splendid or tatterdemalion,  
If only you know what they mean by their  
looks,  
You will never find a better battalion  
Of soldiers to serve you than well-tried  
books.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

### OLD FRIENDS, OLD BOOKS

OLD friends, old books are surely best,  
Already long they've stood each test,—  
In times of stress or indolence  
Have ministered to soul and sense,  
With grace responsive to each quest.

Aye, every whim by us possess,  
When winds blow east or winds blow west,  
They kindly humor—not incense—  
Old friends, old books!

The new may touch with keener zest  
When we with ennui are opprest,  
But only briefly; turning thence,  
With reawakened confidence,  
We seek—for peace, for joy, for rest—  
Old friends, old books!  
CHARLES R. WILLIAMS.

## Three Good Things

### THREE GOOD THINGS

"Bona in terra tria inveni—  
Libros, Venerem, Vinum."

THREE good things I've thanked the  
gods for—

Play, and love, and wine,  
So by Tiber sang my poet;  
Would the song were mine!

Yet methinks I would not turn it  
Just the Roman way,  
But for ludum say read libros,  
Books are more than play!

Through the togaed Latin trembles  
Laughter half divine:  
Flash the dice beside the column;  
Rosy flagons shine.

I, for gleams of yellow Tiber,  
Down my garden way,  
See a water blue and beaming  
In the northern day;

Ovid, Meleager, Omar,  
In the orchard shade,  
With a joy that gurgles gently,  
And a white-armed maid.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Three good things I thank the gods  
for—

Books, and love, and wine!  
So, my Poet, singing later,  
Would have run your line!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## AIMLESS READING

BOOKS are not seldom talismans and  
spells,

By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.  
Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some  
the style

Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.  
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear  
The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
And swallowing therefore, without pause or  
choice,

The total grist unsifted, husks and all.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## Assignment of Binders

### THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S ASSIGNMENT OF BINDERS

**I**F I could bring the dead to-day,  
I would your soul with wonder fill  
By pointing out a novel way  
For bibliopegistic skill.

My Walton, Trantz should take in hand,  
Or else I'd give him o'er to Hering;  
Matthews should make the Gospels stand  
A dateless warning to the erring.

The history of the Inquisition,  
With all its diabolic train  
Of cruelty and superstition,  
Should fitly be arrayed by Payne.

A book of dreams by Bedford clad,  
A papal history by De Rome,  
Should make the sense of fitness glad  
In every bibliomaniac's home.

As our first mother's folly cost  
Her sex so dear, and makes men grieve,  
So Milton's plaint of Eden lost  
Would be appropriate for Eve.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Hayday would make "One summer" be  
Much more attractive to the view;  
While General Wolfe's biography  
Should be the work of Padeloup.

For lives of dwarfs like Thomas Thumb  
Petit's the man by Nature made,  
And when Munchausen strikes us dumb  
It is by means of Gascon aid.

Thus would I the great binders blend  
In harmony with work before 'em.  
And so Rivière I would commend  
To Turner's "Liber Fluviorum."  
LEIVING BROWNE.



## From Phyllis

### FROM PHYLLIS

DEAREST, I read the books you sent, be-  
cause

You sent them—but they're far too grave  
for me.

I like not serious stories, nor wise saws,  
Chilling my youth with fear of ills to be.  
But be not angry, since at your request  
I read them all, and found the love-tale best.

Yet that was sad, too, and one sentence  
there

Tried and tormented me—that's why I  
write.

You've read the book. Do you remember  
where

The hero was made prisoner in the fight?  
The heroine, to save her lover's life,  
Renounced him and became his rival's wife.

And he reproached her: "Were I in your  
place

My life without you had been little worth."  
"I'd live," she said, "through pain and  
through disgrace

To know you lived, though dead to me on  
earth."

Dearest, this troubled me, because, you see,  
I'd rather die than have you dead to me.

CAROLINE DUER.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### BOOKS

A PRECIOUS treasure had I long possessed,  
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,  
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;  
And, from companions in a new abode,  
When first I learnt that this dear prize of mine  
Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry—  
That there were four large volumes, laden all  
With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,  
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,  
With one not richer than myself, I made  
A covenant that each should lay aside  
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,  
Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
To make this book our own. Through several months,  
In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,  
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## How a Bibliomaniac Binds

### HOW A BIBLIOMANIAC BINDS HIS BOOKS

I'D like my favorite books to bind  
So that their outward dress  
To every bibliomaniac's mind  
Their contents should express.

Napoleon's life should glare in red,  
John Calvin's life in blue;  
Thus they would typify bloodshed  
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past  
Must be in blue and black;  
While any color that is fast  
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go;  
In jealous green, Othello;  
In grey, Old Age of Cicero,  
And London Cries in yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art  
In salmon best express,  
And Penn and Fox the friendly heart  
In quiet drab confess.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Statistics of the lumber trade  
Should be embraced in boards,  
While muslin for the inspired Maid  
A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,  
While pig-skin Bacon grasps,  
And flat romances such as "Pelham"  
Should stand in calf with clasps.

Blind-tooled should be blank verse and  
rhyme  
And prose of epic Milton;  
But Newgate Calendar of Crime  
I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life  
May fitly marbled be,  
But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,  
A Baptist history.

Crimea's war-like facts and dates  
Of fragrant Russia smell;  
The subjugated Barbary States  
In crushed Morocco dwell.

But oh! that one I hold so dear  
Should be arrayed so cheap  
Gives me a qualm; I sadly fear  
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

IRVING BROWNE.

## Bookworm Does Not Care

### THE BOOKWORM DOES NOT CARE FOR NATURE

I FEEL no need of nature's flowers—  
Of flowers of rhetoric I have store;  
I do not miss the balmy showers—  
When books are dry I o'er them pore.

Why should I sit upon a stile  
And cause my aged bones to ache,  
When I can all the hours beguile  
With any style that I would take?

Why should I haunt a purling stream,  
Or fish in miasmatic brook?  
O'er Euclid's angles I can dream,  
And recreation find in Hook.

Why should I jolt upon a horse  
And after wretched vermin roam,  
When I can choose an easier course  
With Fox and Hare and Hunt at home?

What if some vicious bull were loose,  
Or fractious cow pursue my path?  
A tamer Bulwer I would choose,  
A Cowper destitute of wrath.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Why should I watch the swallows flit,  
And run the risk of butting ram?  
A Swift upon my shelves Hazlitt,  
I need not run from waggish Lamb.

Why should I scratch my precious skin  
By crawling through a hawthorn hedge,  
When Hawthorne, raking up my sin,  
Stands tempting on the nearest ledge?

No need that I should take the trouble  
To go abroad to walk or ride,  
For I can sit at home and double  
Quite up with pain from Akenside.  
IRVING BROWN.

## My Books

### MY BOOKS

**Y**OU ask me who my best friends are—  
The ones whose love I value most.  
I pause to make a wise reply,  
For friends are mine from low and high,  
Whose characters shine like a star.  
(You will forgive the boast.)

This one for intellect I prize:  
No depth for that too deep to sound;  
No height for that to scale too steep;  
No field so broad it can not sweep,  
As swift as wingéd arrow flies,  
Its area at a round.

This other to my heart appeals  
By her deep fund of common-sense,  
Life through her eyes is solid fact.  
Avoid it? No! by shift nor tact.  
Before no idol vague she kneels;  
Dreams' veil is full of rents.

And this? Her life is radiance soft;  
Her heav'n-born, earth-imprisoned soul  
Is turned to music of the spheres,  
No discords mingle—cares nor fears—  
Her spirit soars and soars aloft,  
Revolves 'round heaven's pole.

## Book Lovers' Verse

And yet, when earth-dust clings and clods,  
And blinding grows the storm of life,  
What friends my drooping spirits raise  
As these—my books? To them the praise  
For constancy like to a god's,  
With deepest comfort rife!

Alice Sawtelle Randall.

## WITH PIPE AND BOOK

WITH Pipe and Book at close of day,  
O! what is sweeter, mortal, say!  
It matters not what book on knee,  
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,  
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

And though one's eyes will dream astray,  
And lips forget to sue or sway,  
It is "enough to merely Be,"  
With Pipe and Book.

What though our modern skies be grey,  
As bards aver, I will not pray  
For "soothing Death" to succor me,  
But ask thus much, O Fate, of thee,—  
A little longer here to stay  
With Pipe and Book.

Richard Le Gallienne.

## A Collector's Catalogue

### A COLLECTOR'S CATALOGUE

**M**Y catalogue, my catalogue,  
It is my heart's delight!  
Of all my "prints" it is the best,  
The only one just right.  
But it's a list of noble names  
A-standing side by side.  
I've had it printed by De Vinne  
With bibliographic pride.

To think my Marc Antonio,  
The gem of my collection,  
—Or rather it would be the gem  
But for this low connection—  
Should have the hated name Ant. Sal.  
Engraved right down below!  
Which will disfigure any print,  
As print collectors know.

Then, too, my master of the Die  
Looks like the last one printed,  
While my most wondrous Wohlgemuth  
Is spoiled by being tinted.  
My Sadlers all have margins clipped,  
My Visschers are laid down,  
My Hollar has had such abuse,  
Makes a collector frown.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Perhaps my Martin Schingauer,  
My Rembrandts rare and grand,  
Are like my Albrecht Dürer:—  
Done by a modern hand!  
My Vand den Veldes are precious,  
But only so to me,  
For they are not by Adrian  
But just by Jan den V!

So, I still love my catalogue,  
It is my heart's delight,  
Of all my "prints" it is the best,  
The only one just right.  
I love to read its noble names,  
And send it far and wide.  
I've had it printed by De Vinne,  
With bibliographic pride.

THE HARTFORD POST.

# The Library

## THE LIBRARY

[Sung at the opening of the Haverhill Library,  
November 11, 1875.]

“**L**ET there be light!” God spake of old,  
And over chaos dark and cold,  
And through the dead and formless frame  
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone  
On giant fern and mastodon,  
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,  
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o’erran  
The earth, uplifting brute and man;  
And mind, at length, in symbols dark  
Its meaning traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll;  
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,  
Man wrote his thoughts, the ages passed,  
And lo! the Press was found at last!

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of men  
Whose bones were dust revived again;  
The cloister’s silence found a tongue,  
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.



## Book Lovers' Verse

And here, to-day, the dead look down  
The Kings of mind again we crown;  
We hear the voices lost so long,  
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves  
Alive along these crowded shelves;  
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,  
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke  
Their stony trance, and live and spoke,  
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,  
The lords of thought await our call!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

# Religio Medici

## RELIGIO MEDICI

### I

A BOOK? A solemn Temple of the Mind,  
Dim with sweet smoke, where by the  
altar dwells  
Music, sole priestess; she who in sad  
shells  
Murmurs the rune God whispered to the  
wind  
Breathed from His throne, which stars  
and spirit impels.

### II

What sage dreams in this vestibule of  
heaven?  
Seer, mystic, saint,—or wandering Earth's  
lost child.  
Babbling quaint heresies whereat God  
smiled  
Ere Peter wept, or the thief died forgiven:  
Old faith with elder fears half-reconciled?

## Book Lovers' Verse

### III

Rich-voiced Chaldean, whose majestic  
speech,  
"Far above singing," wakes the inward  
ear,  
And haunts, with ancient anthems grave  
and clear,  
The heart's grey cloister, thy ecstatic reach  
Drew some rare splendor from the em-  
pyreal sphere.

### IV

Ah! might one grow the Titian of a thought,  
The Handel of a soul's most deep desire,  
In words like thine, whose golden wings  
aspire,  
Till, purged and flaming in the sun they  
sought,  
They "live immortal in the arms of fire."  
JOHN TODHUNTER.

# In An Old Library

## IN AN OLD LIBRARY

### I

**H**ERE the still air  
    Broods over drowsy nooks  
Of ancient learning: one is 'ware,  
    As in a mystic aisle  
Of lingering incense, of the balm of books.  
So nard from cerecloths of Egyptian kings  
Solemnized once the sepulchres of Nile.

### II

Here quietness,  
A ghostly presence, dwells  
    Among rich tombs; here doth possess  
    With an ecstatic dread  
The intruder seeking old-world oracles  
In books, centuries of books, centuries of  
    tombs  
That hold the spirits of the crownèd dead.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### III

Go softly! Here  
Sleep fair embalmèd souls  
In piled-up monuments, in their sere  
And blazoned robes of fame,  
Conquerors of Time. Whisper to these  
grey scrolls,  
Call Poet, Sage, Romancer, Chronicler,  
And every one will answer to his name.

### IV

Man walks the earth  
The quintessence of dust:  
Books, from the ashes of his mirth  
Madness and sorrow, seem  
To draw the elixir of some rarer gust;  
Or, like the Stone of Alchemy, transmute  
Life's cheating dross to golden truth of  
dream.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

## The Attentive Bookseller

### THE ATTENTIVE BOOKSELLER

O H! why does the bookseller follow my  
path

Like a hound on the tiger's track?  
His smile so commercial awakens my wrath,  
And I turn a non-intercourse back.

Does he think that his volumes will disappear,  
Unless he shall keep me in view?

For his "up-to-date" issues he need not fear,  
I loathe every book that is new.

I'm looking for something he never has seen,  
Or perhaps for just nothing at all,  
In hope that some treasures my vision may  
glean

As it ranges the cloth-covered wall.

"May I wait on you, sir?" said a maid at  
my side,

For the twentieth time in a store;

"No, madam, I thank you," I coldly re-  
plied,

"I am married"—I heard nothing more.

But the bitterest pill that is ever pre-  
scribed,

That throws me almost in a fit,  
Is showing, when everything good is denied,  
A volume that I have just writ!

IRVING BROWNE.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### TOAST TO OMAR KHAYYÁM

An East Anglian Echo Chorus

CHORUS

[N this red wine, where Memory's eyes  
    seem glowing  
Of days when wines were bright by Ouse  
    and Cam,  
And Norfolk's foaming nectar glittered,  
    showing  
What beard of gold John Barleycorn was  
    growing,  
We drink to thee whose lore is Nature's  
    knowing,  
    Omar Khayyám!

I

Star-gazer who canst read, when Night is  
    strowing  
Her scripted orbs on Time's frail ori-  
    flamme,  
Nature's proud blazon: "Who shall bless  
    or damn?  
Life, Death, and Doom are all of my be-  
    stowing!"

CHORUS

Omar Khayyám!

## Toast to Omar Khayyâm

### II

Master whose strain of balm and music,  
    flowing  
Through Persian gardens, widened till it  
    swam—  
A fragrant tide no bank of Time shall  
    dam—  
Through Suffolk meads where gorse and may  
    were blowing,

### CHORUS

Omar Khayyâm!

### III

Who blent thy song with sound of cattle  
    lowing,  
And caw of rooks that perch on ewe and  
    ram,  
And hymn of lark, and bleat of orphan  
    lamb,  
And swish of scythe in Bredfield's dewy  
    mowing?

### CHORUS

Omar Khayyâm!



## Book Lovers' Verse

### IV

'Twas Fitz, "Old Fitz," whose knowledge,  
farther going  
Than lore of Omar, "Wisdom's starry  
Cham,"  
Made richer than thine opulent epigram;  
Sowed seed from seed of thine immortal  
sowing.

### CHORUS

Omar Khayyám!

In this red wine, where Memory's eyes  
seem glowing  
Of days when wines were bright by Ouse  
and Cam,  
And Norfolk's foaming nectar glittered,  
showing  
What beard of gold John Barleycorn was  
growing,  
We drink to thee whose lore is Nature's  
knowing,

Omar Khayyám!

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

## His Favorite Book

### HIS FAVORITE BOOK

**S**PEAKIN' of books—they's some that  
looks

Invitin' as that strawstack yunder,  
Whur the cattle air, in the barnyard there,  
A-pull'n and chaw'n away like thunder.  
And in my day I've chawed that way  
Hull hours at books, when thur wasn't very  
Much work to do; but I tell you  
I like the old big dictionary!

It's in that chair, a-settin' where  
My youngest boy was usin' of it  
At dinner time—you seen him climb  
Upon it then? That's why I love it.  
Its leaves are torn; the hide is worn  
Clean through in spots, upon its covers;  
But when I set, with both eyes shet,  
It gives me dreams jest like some lover's!

And I go clear back forty year,  
And, jest a little hungry feller,  
Set perched again on that same plain  
Old book—then fresh and young and yel-  
ler—

At dinner, and my mother's hand  
Is toyin' with my curls contrary;  
And that is why, I guess, that I  
Like best the old big dictionary!

THE CHICAGO RECORD.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### THE PLEASANT WORLD OF BOOKS

**T**HERE are who find their happiness in  
strolling near and far,  
As if perchance their birth had been be-  
neath some errant star,  
The trackless desert beckons them, they  
scale the mountain peak,  
And ever just beyond them see, some glad-  
ness coy to seek ;  
For me, I sit beside my fire, and with be-  
nignant looks  
From dear familiar shelves they smile, my  
pleasant friends, the books.

A world of sweetest company, these well-  
beloved ones wait  
For any mood, for any hour; they keep a  
courteous state.  
Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles of  
my day,  
They are the bread my spirit craves, they  
bless my toiling way.

A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, though  
battles wax and wane,  
There rolls the sound of triumph, and there  
dwells surcease of pain.

## The Pleasant World of Books

On pages sparkling as the dawn forever  
breathes and glows  
Through ages red with patriot blood, white  
freedom's stainless rose.

In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet  
the martyr's palm,  
There float to it dear melodies from coasts  
of heavenly balm;  
All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all  
bloom of wisdom lives,  
And be the day's need what it may, some  
boon this wide world gives.

The freedom of the city where one walks in  
crowds, alone,  
The silence of the upland, where one climbs  
anear the throne,  
The blitheness of the morning, and the sol-  
emn hush of night,  
Are in this pleasant world of books, for one  
who reads aright.

Here, pure and sharp the pictured spire its  
cleaving point uplifts,  
There, swept by stormy winds of fate,  
time's sands are tossed in drifts,  
And I who sit beside the fire am heir of  
time and sense,  
My book to me the angel of God's sleepless  
providence.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Who will, may choose to wander far over  
    sea and land,  
For me the table and the lamp extend a  
    friendlier hand;  
And I am blessed beyond compare while  
    with benignant looks  
From home's familiar shelves they smile,  
    my pleasant world of books.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

# A Book of Poems

## A BOOK OF POEMS

POND'RING o'er a gilded volume  
Rich with gems, I am to-night,  
Looking for the sweetest column,  
Scanning for some rays of light.  
Here are poets from the distance  
With the softest lyric rhyme,  
Calling back into existence  
Sweet chords lost in lapse of time.

Here portrayed are silent faces—  
Silent lips and silent eyes—  
Where my finger deftly traces,  
Looking for some glad surprise—  
Looking for some friend who's drifting  
Out upon the Western wold,  
For companions now uplifting  
Drops of ink for drops of gold.

Lo! inwrought like fibres golden  
In yon leaf upon the tree,  
Are these stanzas, new and olden,  
Penned in chants of melody.  
Quaintest rhet'ric penned, but splendid  
In simplicity and truth—  
Facts and fancies; as blended  
By the aged bard and youth.

## Book Lovers' Verse

As I turn the snowy pages,  
Each enframed with golden wire,  
Mystic sounds come back from ages,  
Strains from Moore and Milton's lyre.  
Dreams of Shakespeare's musing rambles,  
Thoughts of Goldsmith and his fife,  
Odes of Pope and Scott and Campbell  
Flash across the path of life.

And when sleepily I fold them—  
Fold the rhymers back in place,  
Fancy's mind can quite behold them,  
As the dureful hymns they trace.  
Some are mothers with devotion  
In their sonnets of to-day,  
Others sing of field and ocean,  
Mount and glen—and sweet their lay.

WILLIAM R. JACOBS.

## Bookman's Complaint of Lady

### A BOOKMAN'S COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY

**M**Y lady oft-times chideth me  
Because I love so much to be  
Amid my honest folios.  
"Thou lovest more to pore on those"—  
In pretty scorn she sometimes saith—  
"Than on thy mistress' eyes, i' faith!  
Small good true lovers gain meseems  
From dust and must of printed reams."  
Ah! would that I could make her see,  
What is so clear to thee and me,  
How much our happy love-life owes  
To those poor honest folios.  
She little dreams that hidden there  
I found a glass that mirrored her,  
A magic glass which showed her me  
As my own soul's ideal she,  
Long ere we met and wedded eyes  
Or made a soft exchange of sighs.  
Nor knoweth she that thence I drew  
The thought that, sweet as morning dew  
Changeth the leaden life to gold,  
And keepeth Love from growing old.  
Nor may I tell what things beside  
Within those leathern covers hide.  
How would she scorn my small deceit,  
Dare I confess that fine conceit



## Book Lovers' Verse

That pleased her so the other day,  
Was from an old-world roundelay;  
And many another charm and grace  
That keeps Love young in spite of days,  
Was but a bloom that long had lain  
'Mid yellow pages young again.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

## The Book Collector

### THE BOOK COLLECTOR

"The Shyp of Fols of the Worlde."

SO in likewise of Bookes I have store;  
But few I reade, and fewer under-  
stande:

I folowe not their doctrine, nor their lore:

It is enough to bear a booke in hande;

It were too much to be in such a lande,

For to be bounde to loke within the booke:

I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke.

Still I am busy bookes assembling;

For to have plentie it is a pleasaunt thing;

In my conceyt to have them ay in hand:

But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence,

And honor, saving them from filth and  
ordure,

By often brushing, and much diligence:

Full goodly bounde in pleasaunt cover-  
ture,

Of dames, sattin, or els of velvet pure:

I keepe them sure, fearing lest they should  
be lost,

For in them is the cunning wherein I me  
boast.—

## Book Lovers' Verse

But if it fortune that any learned man  
    Within my house fall to disputation,  
I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bokes  
    then,  
    That they of my cunning should make  
    probation.—  
    I love not to fall in alterication:—  
And while, the common, my bookes I turne  
    and winde,  
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.  
    ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

## Thoughts in a Library

### THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

**S**PEAK low! tread softly through these  
halls;  
Here genius lives enshrined;  
Here reign in silent majesty  
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit host they come  
From every age and clime;  
Above the buried wrecks of years  
They breast the tide of time.

And in their presence-chamber here  
They hold their regal state,  
And round them throng a noble train,  
The gifted and the great.

O child of Earth! when round thy path  
The storms of life arise,  
And when thy brothers pass thee by  
With stern, unloving eye,

Here shall the poets chant for thee  
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,  
And prophets wait to guide thy steps  
In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Come, with these God-anointed kings  
Be thou companion here;  
And in the mighty realm of mind  
Thou shalt go forth a peer!  
ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

### SONNET ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS

AS one who destined from his friends to  
part  
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile  
To share their converse and enjoy their  
smile,  
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;  
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,  
Teachers of wisdom, who could once be-  
guile  
My tedious hours and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you! Nor with fainting heart;  
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,  
And all your sacred fellowship restore;  
When, freed from earth, unlimited its  
powers,  
Mind shall with mind direct communion  
hold,  
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

## The Library of York Cathedral

### THE LIBRARY OF YORK CATHEDRAL

**T**HERE shalt thou find the volumes that  
contain

All of the ancient Fathers who remain;  
There all the Latin writers make their  
home

With those that glorious Greece transferred  
to Rome,

The Hebrews draw from their celestial  
stream,

And Africa is bright with learning's beam.

Here shines what Jerome, Ambrose, Hilary  
thought,

Or Athanasius and Augustine wrought.

Orosius, Leo, Gregory the Great,

Near Basil and Fulgentius coruscate.

Grave Cassiodorus and John Chrysostom

Next Master Bede and learned Aldhelm  
come.

While Victorinus and Boethius stand

With Pliny and Pompeius close at hand.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Wise Aristotle looks on Tully near,  
Sedulius and Juvencus next appear,  
Then come Albinus, Clement, Prosper too,  
Paulinus and Arator. Next we view  
Lactantius, Fortunatus. Ranged in line  
Virgilius Maro, Statius, Lucan, shine.

Donatus, Priscian, Phobus, Phocas, start  
The roll of masters in grammatic art.  
Entychius, Servius, Pompey, each extend  
The list. Comminian brings it to an end.

There shalt thou find, O reader, many more  
Famed for their style, the masters of old  
lore,

Whose many volumes singly to rehearse  
Were far too tedious for our present verse.

ALCUIN, ABOUT 780, A. D.

## Verses in a Library

### VERSES IN A LIBRARY

#### I

#### AN APPEAL

**G**IVE me that book whose power's such  
That I forget the north wind's touch.

Give me that book that brings to me  
Forgetfulness of what I be.

Give me that book that takes my life  
In seeming far from all its strife.

Give me that book wherein each page  
Destroys my sense of creeping age.

Give me that book that makes me think  
I've stores of wealth, instead of ink,

And bills unpaid, and pens and glue,  
With not a line in mind that's new.

Give me that book - and make it long  
Enough to laugh for aye; this song

To him who sends I'll dedicate  
My book of verse entitled "Fate:"

A garland sweet of sonnets grand,  
For sale on every newsman's stand;



## Book Lovers' Verse

Or, through the mail, postpaid, you know,  
Half boards, top-gilded, 16mo.

### II

#### A CURSE

Confound you, Mr. O. Khayyám!  
Confound you, Addison and Lamb!

Confound you, Milton, Herrick, Gray!  
Confound you, Jonson; blast you, Gay!

Confusion, Shakespeare, to your dust,  
And Burns and Byron, be ye cursed!

Confound you, Thackeray and Scott,  
And Dickens, and old Parson Lott!

Confound ye for a selfish band,  
For that ye did not stay the hand,

And leave, like decent men and true,  
A thing or two for me to do!

It's tough for one in these drear days  
To find you've "cornered" all the bays.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## The Book Auction

### THE BOOK AUCTION.

“**H**OW much am I bid?” said the spry  
    auctioneer,

    “For the songs of a well known bard?”  
The bard, incog., who was hovering near,  
    Looked up and his breath came hard.

“I am offered a dime!—just think of it,  
    gents!—

    For these ‘Songs of the Dewy Dawn!’  
Are you all done bidding? Ten! ten cents—  
    Ten cents and—going—and gone!”

“You don’t know elegant books from  
    trash!”

    Joked the jubilant auctioneer;  
The incog. author bit his mustache  
    And felt confoundedly queer.

“A beautiful copy of Shakespeare’s Pomes!  
    How much do I hear? Look alive!  
A right nice work to embellish your homes!  
    Five cents! Sold to cash for five!”

The incog. singer twinkled his eye,  
    And inwardly said, with a thrill:  
“American poetry don’t sell high,  
    But I’d hate to go cheap as old Bill.”

W. H. VENABLE.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### IN ARCADY

#### I

**G**IVE me the pleasure of a book,  
An ample shade, a running brook,  
A piping bird, and splashing trout,  
And wild flowers shining all about;  
Then even kings would envy me,  
So full of joy my life would be.

#### II

With cheerful heart and cloudless brain,  
No breath of care, no touch of pain,  
Arcadian summer soft and light,  
A cooling breeze, and skies most bright;  
Then little birds would envy me,  
So full of joy my life would be.

#### III

In careless ease there let me lie,  
The happiest man beneath the sky,  
There idly scan some book of old,  
Filled with a poet's thoughts of gold;  
Then blushing brides would envy me,  
So full of joy my life would be.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.



## Books

### BOOKS

**W**HEN sorrow sets around thy wayward  
path,  
And many troubles follow in her train;  
When dire mischance it seems will never  
wane,  
And life for thee no sort of pleasure hath;  
When friendship proves as frail as any lath,  
Snaps in a trice and leaves the dull slow  
pain—  
The aching heart that ne'er may hope  
again—  
And drear despair seems life's sole after-  
math,  
There is an outlet from thy dreary creed;  
There is a pasture on which thou may'st  
feed;  
There is a never-failing friend at hand.  
Turn to thy shelves and choose a goodly  
tome,  
A mighty mind of ancient Greece or Rome,  
Perchance a bard of thy own native land.  
Then may'st thou leave all troubles far be-  
hind,  
And soar unto the regions of the blest;  
Then be thy body, mind and soul at rest,  
Oblivious to the tempest and the wind

## Book Lovers' Verse

That howls around the shipwreck of thy  
mind.

For, by the thralldom of that tome pos-  
sessed,

Despair hath lost its potency to molest,  
And not an inlet can thy troubles find.

Oh, blessings be on every poet head!

With wreaths of joy may each be gar-  
landed,

And happiness forever be thy need!

Who for us men hath wrought so great a  
joy,

Devoid of all adulterate alloy—

A genuine soil whereon the soul may feed.

CYRIL M. DREW.

## Books

### BOOKS

UNDYING works of dying men  
Product of paper, ink and pen,  
And human brain ;  
Imperishable as the mind,  
Sight-giving to the inly blind,  
Nuggets of gold in them we find,  
And priceless grain—

Grain that makes food to feed the soul,  
Gives strength and stimulates the whole,  
Builds up the man  
And fits him for a higher life,  
Beyond the range of time and strife,  
Where mind prevails and thought is rife,  
Eternal plan.

We reverence them—these things of might,  
Which give us comfort, joy, delight,  
Instruct and bless ;  
Companions of our quiet hours,  
Silent yet wielding awful powers,  
Stronger than forts or frowning towers,  
Yet ne'er oppress.

## Book Lovers' Verse

With men we quarrel and contend,  
But books we never can offend  
    With angry word;  
Calm, sober, stately dignity,  
As though sparks of divinity,  
With mind in true affinity,  
    Strongly accord.

In books departed men do live,  
And speak and act and ever give  
    Thoughts for all time;  
No weariness they ever know,  
Like streams that yield a constant flow,  
Like trees of knowledge always grow,  
    Fruits most sublime.

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

## In an Old Library

### IN AN OLD LIBRARY

THERE in the dusk of this dim-windowed  
hall

The weary minds of generations rest;  
Poor prisoner ghosts, by sad neglect op-  
pressed,

In dismal companies along the wall;  
Long phantom lines of poets and of seers,  
Their songs grown cold, their raptures  
heeded not

And all their wisdom wearily begot,  
Turned foolish through forgotten years.

Fair summers that will never come again,  
They wasted out with trouble prodigal,  
And springs and falls and winters beautiful,  
That here might rest in store for careless  
men

The hoarded ignorance of time. Alas,  
What perishable fruit their labors bore;  
The hungry crowds go roaring by their door,  
Nor wait one moment as they pass.

Across their prison-house the creeping sun  
Dials the endless days upon the floor;  
The crafty spider binds them o'er and o'er  
With fetters that may never be undone.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Oh, for the days they lost in labor vain.  
Here in the dusk all molder silently,  
Save when across the panes some prisoner  
bee

Raves for his open fields again.

Raves for the sky, the meadows and the  
trees;

Wild with the dark, frantic with mad dis-  
trust

'Of this dim place of weariness and dust.  
Round him the great of out-spent centuries  
In gaunt procession listen silently—

Dead oracles no questioner comes to seek;  
Their words, which woke the world, now  
grown more weak

Than the shrill droning of a frightened bee.

GEIK TURNER.

## An Invocation in a Library

### AN INVOCATION IN A LIBRARY

O BROTHERHOOD, with bay-crowned  
brows undaunted,

Who passed serene along our crowded  
ways,

Speak with us still! For we, like Saul, are  
haunted:

Harp sullen spirits from these later days!

Whate'er high hope ye had for man, your  
brother,

Breathe it, nor leave him like a prisoned  
slave

To stare through bars upon a sight no other  
Than clouded skies that lighten on a  
grave.

In these still alcoves give us gentle meeting,  
From dusky shelves kind arms about us  
fold;

Till the New Age shall feel her chilled heart  
beating

Restfully on the warm heart of the Old.

## Book Lovers' Verse

In books are treasures more than gold,  
Great thoughts come down from minds of  
old,  
Embalmed in forms that ever live,  
And never cease their life to give.

How grand the monuments of mind !  
Which leave all others far behind ;  
And shine with light that is sublime,  
Lighthouses on the coasts of time.

JOHN MOORE.

### A BOOK BY THE BROOK

GIVE me a nook and a book,  
And let the proud world spin round ;  
Let it scramble by hook or by crook  
For wealth or a name with a sound.  
You are welcome to amble your ways,  
Aspirers to place or to glory ;  
May big bells jangle your praise,  
And golden pens blazon your story ;  
For me, let me dwell in my nook,  
Here by the curve of this brook,  
That croons to the tune of my book.  
Whose melody wafts me forever  
On the waves of an unseen river.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

# A Fogy

## A FOGY

OF course I keep my Shakespeare near,  
and dote on Milton, too;  
Preserve my Homer from the dust, and  
Dante bright and new,  
For some one might inquire, you know,  
about these poets old,  
Who hid in mountain-deeps of words their  
scattered thoughts of gold.

But when I'm fain to spend awhile away  
from Traffic's mart,  
Like Longfellow then I seek some bard  
"whose songs gushed from his heart."  
The "Old Arm Chair" by Eliza Cook, or  
Lowell's "First Snow Fall,"  
Or "Highland Mary" by Bob Burns—these  
please me more than all.

They seem to nurture sympathy, and light-  
en all my dole,  
And wash the dust of worldliness from off  
the burdened soul.  
O yes, I love my Shakespeare much, and  
Milton's lines, indeed—  
I keep the masters but to praise, the others  
but to read!

WILL T. HALE.

## Book Lovers' Verse

### TO HIS BOOK

A FAREWELL ADDRESS ON ITS PUBLICATION.

"Vertumnum Janumque, liber, spectare videria."

SO then, to Janus and Vertumnus, Book!  
Thou seem'st at length to throw a wistful look;

Where tricked and varnished by the Sosian hand,

High on the venal shelf thou long'st to stand.

Yes, yes—I see, thy shy reserve is fled;  
Averse to locks and bolts thou would'st be read:

And, slighting all my counsel, bid'st adieu  
To private ears, to court the public view.

Well, have thy will,—and go thy way! but learn,

When once dismissed, thou never can'st return.

"*Fool that I was!*" methinks I hear thee cry,

When some fastidious critic flings thee by,  
Or some admirer satiate of thy charms  
Thrusts thee all torn and rumpled from his arms.

But, if I read thy destinies aright  
Nor mists of self-love dim the prophet's sight,

## To His Book

While novelty and youth's attractive bloom  
Endure, thou shalt be much caressed at  
Rome.

But, when the vulgar touch thy beauty  
soils,

The silent moth shall batten on thy spoils;  
Or to far Afric's coast thou shalt be sent  
Or Spain, fast bound in odious banishment.  
Then he, whose warning voice thou would'st  
not hear,

Shall slight thy sufferings and deride thy  
fear,—

Like him who once, his restive ass to mock,  
Threw up the reins and drove him o'er the  
rock.

Nor is this all:—For, when the prime is past,  
Old-age with lisping accents shall at last  
Surprise thee teaching school-boys to repeat  
Their daily task in every dirty street.

Thou then, what time the sun's intense ray  
Summons around thee many a listener,  
say—

That, tho' a freeman's son, in fortune's spite  
I impd my pinions for a prouder flight,  
And soared aloof. Thus, what I lack in  
birth,

To make amends, shall swell the score of  
worth.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Say too that by the great—by men confessed

Supreme in peace and war—I was caressed.  
Add that I loved to bask in summer skies,  
Was grey betimes, in stature under size,  
And quick to wrath; yet that my bitterest  
rage

Ne'er rankled. Tell them, if they ask my  
age,

Lollius and Lepidus the state controlled  
When four and forty suns had o'er me  
rolled.

REV. CANON HOWES' TRANSLATION OF HOR-  
ACE'S EPISTLES.

## In a Book of Old Plays

### IN A BOOK OF OLD PLAYS

**A**T Cato's Head in Russell Street  
These leaves she sat a-stitching;  
I fancy she was trim and neat,  
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her on the street below,  
All powder, ruffs and laces,  
There strutted idle London beaux  
To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair  
With monstrous hoop and feather,  
In paint and powder London's fair  
Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison and Pope, mayhap  
They sauntered slowly past her,  
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap  
For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look;  
Nor lord nor lady minding,  
She bent her head above this book,  
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,  
Caught on her nimble fingers,  
Was stitched within this volume, where  
Until to-day it lingers.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair,  
Wigs, powder, all outdated;  
A queer antique, the Sedan chair,  
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd, old plays,  
This single stray lock finding,  
I'm back in those forgotten days  
And watch her at her binding.

WALTER LEARNED.

## OLD BOOKS

**A** THRESHER prime is Father Time!  
When harvest loads his wain,  
He beats the hollow husks aside  
And hoards the golden grain.

A winnower is Father Time!  
The chaff he blows away;  
The sweetest seed he treasures up  
For many a year and day.

Oh, very wise is Father Time!  
His flail is tried and true;  
I love the garnered pile of books  
He's winnowed through and through.

## Johnny, Get Your Glossary

### JOHNNY, GET YOUR GLOSSARY

WHAT makes the Scotsman's story-buiks,  
That breathe the heather, whins and  
stooks,

Sae welcome at your ingle-neuks?

I dinna ken.

And yet they're playing drakes and dukes  
Wi' Englishmen.

I needna say it's a' the craze  
To daunder o'er Drumtochty's braes  
(Whaur puir auld Domsie spent his days  
In teachin' sums)

And ilka body's bound to praise  
The toon o' Thrums.

Aince maids (at thirty-ane and six)  
Had names like Rose and Beatrix;  
But Baubie, Kirsty, Jean, noo licks  
Your Flo or Di.

What eese are they for biggin' ricks  
Or milkin' kye?

Your heroes' names hae changed, it seems,  
Frae Aubrey, Guy, or John-a-Dreams,  
To An'ra, Dauvit, Jock, or Jeems,  
Or Rab, or Tam—

Douce lads, that kenna o' the stream  
O' Thames or Cam.

## Book Lovers' Verse

I sometimes think a Lowlan' chiel  
Maun gey an' often come to feel  
Hoo hard it is to read a reel  
O' gweed braid Scots.  
He'd hae to gang again to skweel  
To louse the knots.

For instance, he maun learn, puir stock,  
That barter signifies to trock;  
And that he maunna yoke, but yock  
A horse or meer.  
He'll hae to ca' a timepiece knock;  
For ask, say spier.

It needs a lad that isna blate  
To read sic tales and gang the gate  
O' fouk that maun be up to date.  
If nae a Scot,  
He'll hae to be, at ony rate,  
A polyglot.

THE SKETCH.

## Copy of the "Compleat Angler"

### FOR A COPY OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

"*Le rêve de la vie champêtre a été de tout  
temps l'idéal des villes.*"—GEORGE SAND.

I CARE not much how men prefer  
To dress your *Chub* or *Chavender*;—  
I care no whit for line or hook,  
But still I love old IZAAK's book,  
Wherein a man may read at ease  
Of "gandergrass" and "culverkeys,"  
Or with half-pitying wonder, note  
What *Topsell*, what *Du Bartas* wrote,  
Or list the song, by *Maudlin* sung,  
That *Marlowe* made when he was young:—  
These things, in truth, delight me more  
Than all old IZAAK's angling lore.

These were his Secret. What care I  
How men construct the Hawthorn-fly,  
Who could as soon make Syllabub  
As catch your *Chavender* or *Chub*;  
And might not, in ten years, arrive  
At baiting hooks with frogs, alive!—  
But still I love old IZAAK's page,  
Old IZAAK's simple *Golden Age*,  
Where blackbirds flute from ev'ry bough,  
Where lasses "milk the sand-red cow,"

## Book Lovers' Verse

Where lads are "sturdy football swains,"  
And nought but soft "May-butter" rains;  
Where you may breathe untainted air  
Either at *Hodsden* or at *Ware*;  
And sing, or slumber, or look wise  
Till *Phæbus* sink adown the skies,  
Then, laying rod and tackle by,  
Choose out some "cleanly Alehouse" nigh,  
With ballads "stuck about the wall,"  
Of *Joan of France* or *English Mall*—  
With sheets that smell of lavender—  
There eat your *Chub* (or *Chavender*),  
And keep old *IZAAK*'s honest laws  
For "Mirth that no repenting draws"—  
To wit, a friendly stave or so,  
That goes to *Heigh-trolollie-loe*,  
Or more to make the ale-can pass,  
A hunting song of *William Basse*—  
Then talk of fish, and fishy diet,  
And dream you "Study to be quiet."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Literature."  
—Harper & Brothers.

# The Bookstall

## THE BOOKSTALL

**I**T stands in a winding street,  
A quiet and restful nook,  
Apart from the endless beat  
Of the noisy heart of Trade;  
There's never spot more cool  
Of a hot midsummer day  
By the brink of a forest pool,  
Or the bank of a crystal brook  
In the maples' breezy shade,  
Than the bookstall old and gray.

Here are precious gems of thought  
That were quarried long ago,  
Some in vellum bound, and wrought  
With letters and lines of gold;  
Here are curious rows of "calf,"  
And perchance an Elzevir;  
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,  
And a parchment folio,  
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,  
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime  
Live the monarchs of the brain;  
And the lords of prose and rhyme,  
Years after the long last sleep

## Book Lovers' Verse

Has come to the kings of earth  
And their names have passed away,  
Rule on through death and birth:  
And the thrones of their domain  
Are found where the shades are deep,  
In the bookstall old and gray.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### LINES TO A BOOK BORROWER

[These lines are after Tennyson—so was the borrower.]

ASK me no more; the moon may draw  
the sea,  
The cloud may stoop from heaven, and you  
to me,  
But O too fond! when I have answered thee,  
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; I once did lend thee books  
And what on earth's become of them, od-  
zooks!

[ No man doth wot;  
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the  
sea,  
But you can draw no more books out of me!

F. C.

## Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe

### SHAKE, MULLEARY AND GO-ETHE

#### I

I HAVE a bookcase, which is what  
Many much better men have not.  
There are no books inside, for books,  
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.  
But I've three busts, all second-hand,  
Upon the top. You understand  
I could not put them underneath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

#### II

Shake was a dramatist of note;  
He lived by writing things to quote.  
He long ago put on his shroud:  
Some of his works are rather loud.  
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose,  
I know there's dust upon his nose.  
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

#### III

Mulleary's line was quite the same;  
He has more hair, but far less fame.  
I would not from that fame retrench—  
But he is foreign, being French.



## Book Lovers' Verse

Yet high his haughty head he heaves,  
The only one done up in leaves.  
They're rather limited on wreath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

### IV

Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:  
He must have learned it very young.  
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,  
Although an inch of it is off.  
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;  
But here he doesn't count for much.  
They all are off their native heath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

### V

They sit there, on their chests, as bland  
As if they were not second-hand.  
I do not know of what they think,  
Nor why they never frown or wink.  
But why from smiling they refrain  
I think I clearly can explain:  
They none of them could show much teeth—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

H. C. BUNNER.

## The Bibliomaniac's Bride

### THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S BRIDE

THE women-folk are like to books—  
Most pleasing to the eye,  
Whereon if anybody looks  
He feels disposed to buy.

I hear that many are for sale—  
Those that record no dates,  
And such editions as regale  
The view with colored plates.

Of every quality and grade  
And size they may be found—  
Quite often beautifully made,  
As often poorly bound.

Now, as for me, had I my choice,  
I'd choose no folios tall,  
But some octavo to rejoice  
My sight and heart withal.

As plump and podgy as a snipe—  
Well worth her weight in gold,  
Of honest, clean, conspicuous type,  
And just the size to hold!

With such a volume for my wife,  
How should I keep and con;  
How like a dream should speed my life  
Unto its colophon!

## Book Lovers' Verse

Her frontispiece should be more fair  
Than any colored plate;  
Blooming with health, she would not care  
To extra-illustrate.

And in her pages there should be  
A wealth of prose and verse,  
With now and then a *jeu d'esprit*—  
But nothing ever worse!

Prose for me when I wished for prose,  
Verse, when to verse inclined—  
For ever bringing sweet repose  
To body, heart and mind.

Oh, I should bind this priceless prize  
In bindings full and fine,  
And keep her where no human eyes  
Should see her charms, but mine!

With such a fair unique as this  
What happiness abounds!  
Who—who could paint my rapturous bliss,  
My joy unknown to Lowndes!

EUGENE FIELD.

"A Little Book of Western Verse."  
—Charles Scribner's Sons.

# The Caravansary

## THE CARAVANSARY

I KEEP a caravansary,  
And, be it night or day,  
I entertain such travelers  
As chance to come my way.

Hafiz, maybe, or Sadi,  
Who singing songs divine,  
Discovered heaven in taverns,  
And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arabs,  
From burning sands afar,  
So faint in love's sweet trances,  
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,  
The Tartar, Turcoman,—  
Savage hordes, with spears and swords,  
Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,  
With priestly, kingly tread,  
Who, in their cerecloths, mutter  
The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary  
Knows neither friend nor foe;  
His doors stand wide on every side  
For all to come and go.

## Book Lovers' Verse

The Koran, or the Bible,  
Or Veda,—which is best?  
The wise host asks no questions,  
But entertains his guest!  
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### AMONG MY BOOKS

AMONG my books—what rest is there  
From wasting woes! what balm for care!  
If ills appall or clouds hung low,  
And drooping dim the fleeting show;  
I revel still in vision's race.  
At will I breathe the classic air,  
The wanderings of Ulysses share;  
Or see the plume of Bayard flow—  
Among my books.

Whatever face the world may wear—  
If Lillian has no smile to spare,  
For others let her beauty blow,  
Such favors I can well forego;  
Perchance forget the frowning fair  
Among my books.  
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## A Little Bookworm

### A LITTLE BOOKWORM

**N**OT a noise throughout our dwelling  
Of the urchin's presence telling:  
Did he sleep?

Where had flown the dimpled laughter  
Wont to ring from floor to rafter?  
What I saw, a moment after,  
Made flesh creep!

He had rent my Lamb in pieces,  
There was nothing but the fleeces,  
And Horne Tooke  
He had taken in a twinkle:  
Young looked old, with many a wrinkle;  
Other poets, quite a sprinkle,  
Strewed each nook.

My new Gay was sad, Hood tattered,  
And my Bacon sliced and scattered;  
Spoiled my Locke:  
Pollock's Course of Time had run;  
Browning was indeed quite done;  
Vandal fists had just begun  
Knox to knock.

## Book Lovers' Verse

The Decline and Fall of Gibbon  
Swiftly came; to many a ribbon  
It was rent.

Steele was twisted; there was pillage  
In my fair Deserted Village;  
Beaconsfield was past all tillage;  
Hook was bent.

Would that I had caught the rover,  
Ere the cyclone had blown over!  
Fateful billow!

There he lies! could I be rude  
On such slumber to intrude?  
Zimmerman on Solitude:  
That's his pillow!

MONROE H. ROSENFELD.

## Nulla Retrorsum

### NULLA RETRORSUM

UMBRELLAS, strayed from clubland's  
halls,

Come back, though not in silk;  
The man who goeth out to balls  
Returneth with the milk.  
The swallows come again with spring  
That flit when summer's spent;  
But all the seasons fail to bring  
Me back the books I lent.

My senses strayed when Celia smiled,  
Because her eyes were black;  
But now, no more by love beguiled,  
I've got them safely back.  
My heart I gave returned to me  
As lightly as it went;  
E'en hopes long lost once more I see,  
But not the books I lent.

All things return; in twilight gray  
Day dies, to dawn anew;  
The beef that's sent below to-day  
Will make to-morrow's stew;  
The bill collector cometh back  
With covetous intent,  
All things return—except, alack!  
The books that I have lent.



## Book Lovers' Verse

They stood in "Russia," side by side,  
They filled one rosewood shelf;  
They're now belonging, far and wide,  
To any but myself.

O! take my word, this world of pain  
Will fizzle out and end  
Before you'll ever see again  
The books—the books you lend.

CLIPS.

## Library of a Gentleman Deceased

### THE LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN DECEASED

SOME people dote on spooks,  
Postage stamps, or flies and hooks,  
While to others old engravings are a feast;  
But I much prefer the tale  
Of "A library for sale,  
Collected by a gentleman deceased."

You may never know his name,  
Or the limits of his fame,  
He might have been a poet or a priest,  
But you know his little ways  
From the sermons or the plays  
Collected by the gentleman deceased.

What phrases can compare  
With the Scarce or Very Rare,  
What sorrow with the Foxed, or Soiled, or  
Creased,  
As you read the auction mems.  
On the literary gems  
Collected by the gentleman deceased?

If the pages aren't cut,  
If they're guiltless of a smut,  
You think he never read them in the least;  
While occasional dog's-ears,  
Or some annotation smears,  
Say something for the gentleman deceased.

## Book Lovers' Verse

It is clear, it seems to me,  
Or, at least, it ought to be,  
That a history may readily be pieced  
From the books of divers kinds  
(Representing many minds)  
Collected by the gentleman deceased.  
THE SKETCH.

### THE BOOK

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
A minster rich in holy effigies,  
And bearing on entablature and frieze  
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.  
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;  
And the low chancel side-lights half  
acquaint  
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard,  
and saint.  
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ!  
But only when on form and word obscure  
Falls from above the white supernal light  
We read the mystic characters aright,  
And life informs the silent portraiture,  
Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder, and  
adore.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

# My Harem

## MY HAREM

A HAREM of beauties I boast—  
Most excellent dutiful wives.  
Each fancies she pleases me most,  
Nor disputes with her sister, nor strives.  
They are learned, and witty, and wise;  
On my good and my pleasure they dote;  
But they never break family ties  
To wrangle in public or vote.

At a word their soft breasts they unfold,  
And yield to my spirit's embrace;  
Yet, when o'er her charms I grow cold,  
Contented each sinks to her place.  
They fire me, they melt me, they find  
Where the fountains of feeling are hid,  
And the shackles of passion unbind;  
Yet they hush at the droop of my lid.

They tell me the wonderful tales  
Of Persia and Araby blest;  
One speaks of Europe's fair vales,  
And one of the virginal West.  
Hot love-talks one brings from the South,  
Drunk in with the Sun's ardent beams;  
And folk-lore one has in her mouth,  
From the Northland's magnificent dreams.

## Book Lovers' Verse

Every week a new, beautiful form  
In my harem's retreat I enfold.  
To the new love I'm never less warm,  
Towards the old love I never grow cold,  
Yet censure I scorn and defy,  
And in Virtue's calm eyes dare to look;  
No Mormon nor Turkman am I—  
Each beauty I boast is a book.

JEREMIAH MAHONEY.

### WITH A COPY OF HERRICK

FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks  
And scents of showers,  
Take to your haunt of holy books  
This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,  
And heaven is blue,  
Before his shrine our prayers we say,—  
Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff,—  
Thorns of sweet briar;  
His benediction is a laugh,  
Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red  
Unction distils;  
He hath a nimbus round his head  
Of daffodils.

EDMUND GOSSE.

# Too Many Books

## TOO MANY BOOKS

I WOULD that we were only readers now,  
And wrote no more, or in rare hearts of  
soul  
Sweated out thoughts when o'erburdened  
brow  
Was powerless to control.

Then would all future books be small and  
few,  
And freed of dross, the soul's refined gold;  
So should we have a chance to read the  
new,  
Yet not forego the old.

But as it is, Lord help us, in this flood  
Of daily papers, books and magazines!  
We scramble blind, as reptiles in the mud,  
And know not what it means.

Is it the myriad spawn of vagrant tides,  
Whose growth overwhelm both sea and  
shore,  
Yet often necessary loss, provides  
Sufficient and no more?

## Book Lovers' Verse

Is it the broadcast sowing of the seeds,  
And from the stones the thorns and fertile soil,  
Only enough to serve the world's great needs

Rewards the sower's toil?

Is it all needed for the varied winds?  
Gives not the teeming press a book too much—

Not one but in its dense neglect shall find  
Some needful heart to touch?

Ah, who can say that even this blade of grass

No mission has—superfluous as it looks?  
Then wherefore feel oppressed and cry,  
Alas,

There are too many books!

ROBERT LEIGHTON.



## A Little Book

### A LITTLE BOOK

A LITTLE book with here and there a leaf  
Turned at some tender passage; how  
it seems  
To speak to me—to fill my soul with  
dreams  
Sweet as first love, and beautiful though  
brief!  
Here was her glory; and on this page her  
grief—  
For tears have stained it; here the sun-  
light streams,  
And there the stars withheld from her  
their beams  
And sorrow sought her white soul like a  
thief!  
And here her name, and as I breathe the  
sweet,  
Soft syllables, a presence in the room  
Sheds a rare radiance; but I may not  
look:  
The yellowed leaves are fluttering at my  
feet;  
The light is gone, and I—lost in the  
gloom,  
Weep like a woman o'er this little book.

FRANK L. STANTON.

"Songs of the Soil."  
—D. Appleton & Co.



## Book Lovers' Verse

### DEDICATION TO CORNELIUS NEPOS

**M**Y little volume is complete,  
With all the care and polish neat  
That makes it fair to see:  
To whom shall I then—to whose praise—  
Inscribe my lively, graceful lays?—  
Cornelius, friend, to thee.  
Thou only of the Italian race  
Hast dared in three small books to trace  
All time's remotest flight:  
O Jove, how labored, learned, and wise!  
Yet still thou ne'er would'st quite despise  
The trifles that I write.  
Then take the book I now address,  
Though small its size, its merit less,  
'Tis all thy friend can give;  
And let me, guardian Muse, implore  
That when at least one age is o'er,  
This volume yet may live.

CATULLUS.

## Envoy

### ENVOY

**G**O, little book, and wish to all  
Flowers in the garden, meat in  
the hall,  
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,  
A house with lawns enclosing it,  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"Poems and Ballads."

—Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE END



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